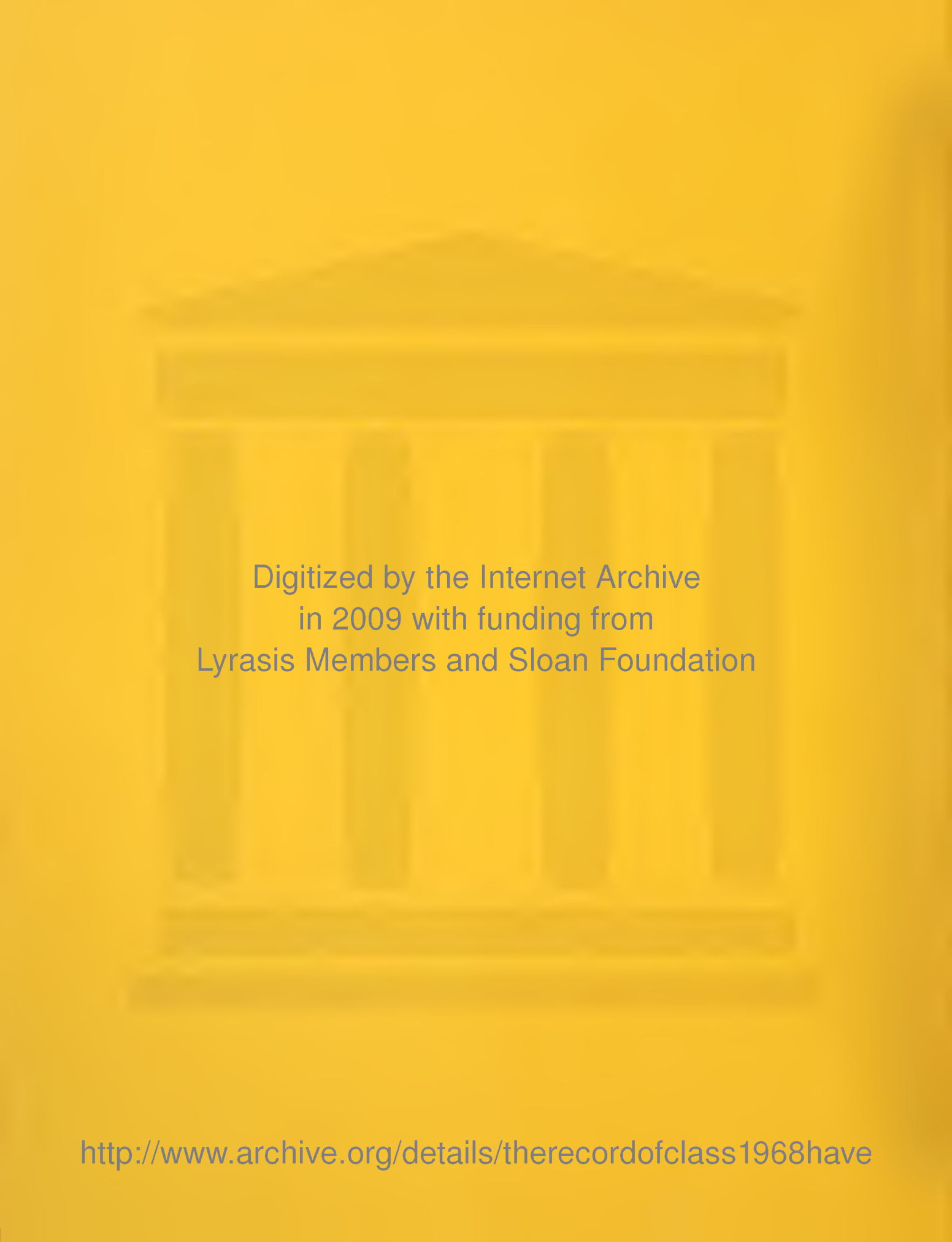
HAVERFORD COLLEGE 68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Part I

We set sail out of Cardiff on the 9th day of August, 1607, and our voyage at the first was exceeding prosperous, the weather being temperate and the wind good. Methinks it would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particularities of our adventures in those seas, and it will suffice to inform him that in the seventh week of our passage from thence to the West Indies, our ship was driven northwestward by a violent tempest which did prevail upon it I know not how long.

Part I

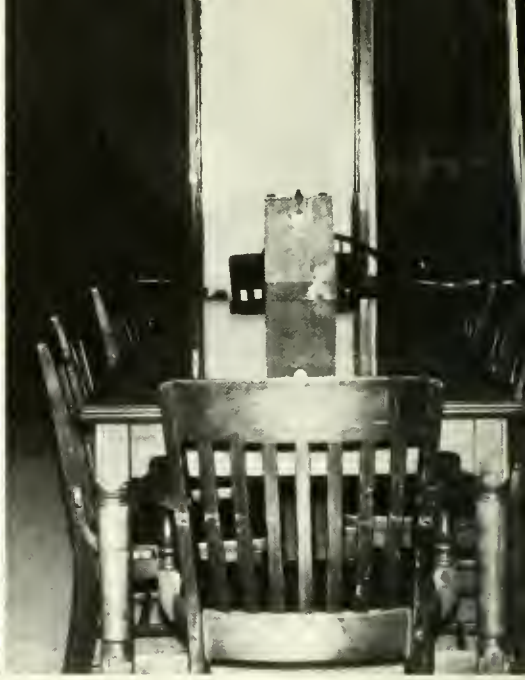
Of The Isle Haverford: Its General Constitution, Customs, And Ways Told.

For in the second day of the tempest, as the sea wrought so that the ship was like to be broken, and as many of our company did cast forth the wares that were in the ship to lighten it of them, a mightly wave did come upon us and did sweep me from the ship into the tempestuous waters. But by good fortune I was able to reach unto one of the boxes which were cast into the sea, and after this time I remember nothing at all. Indeed I marvel not a little that I live to write this account.

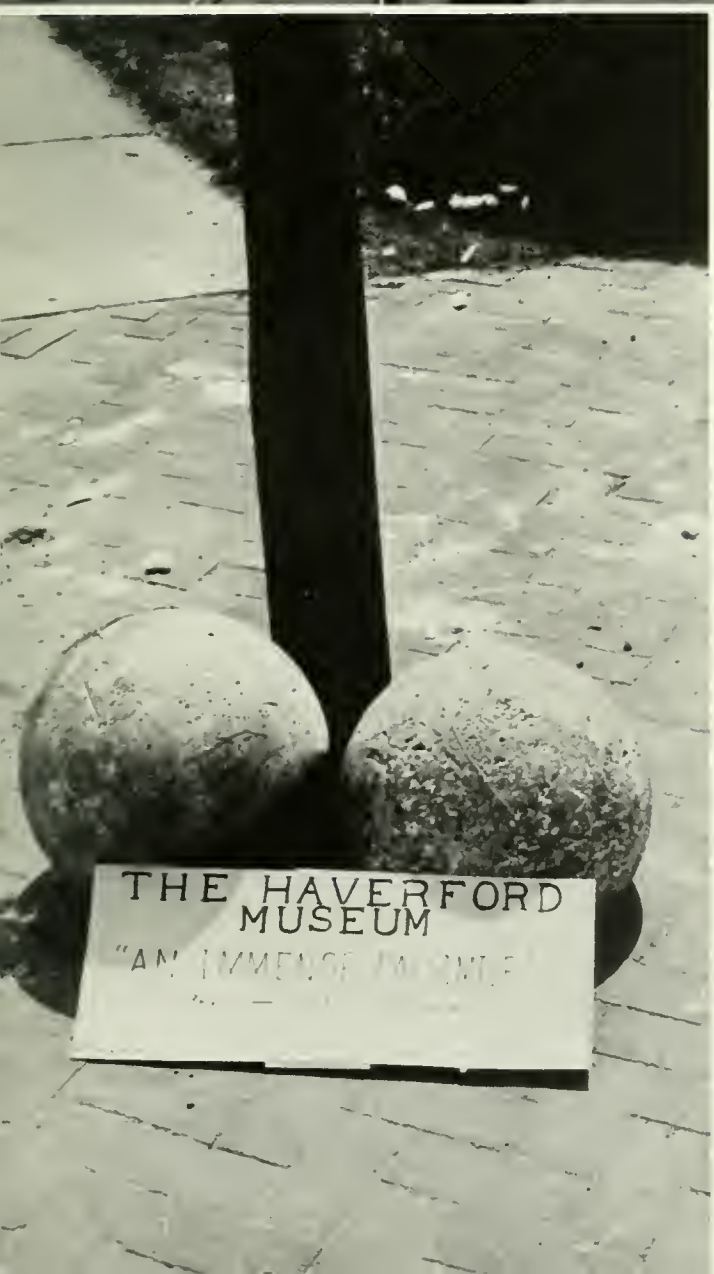
When at last I waked I did find myself upon the shore of some strange land, and even then did I suspect it was an isle unknown to any of mine own countrymen, and I ween to this day none have thether travelled. It did appear a pleasant country, with diverse trees and bushes and grass abounding, and a small lake whereon ducks did swim; and a road made of a marvellous black substance, with striped hillocks about every forty paces (the purpose of which hillocks I never could discover), divided the land.

This road did I follow til I met with an inhabitant of the isle, a man of strange appearance and manner, though I perforce did perceive at once he was fully human. And I was no little awed when he did hail me in mine own tongue and did greet me with much hopping up and down, and much shaking of hands, and exceeding friendly countenance, and many hihihihis, which address, in its shortened form, is a chief custom of this isle. And this inhabitant was called Master Ludwig by name.

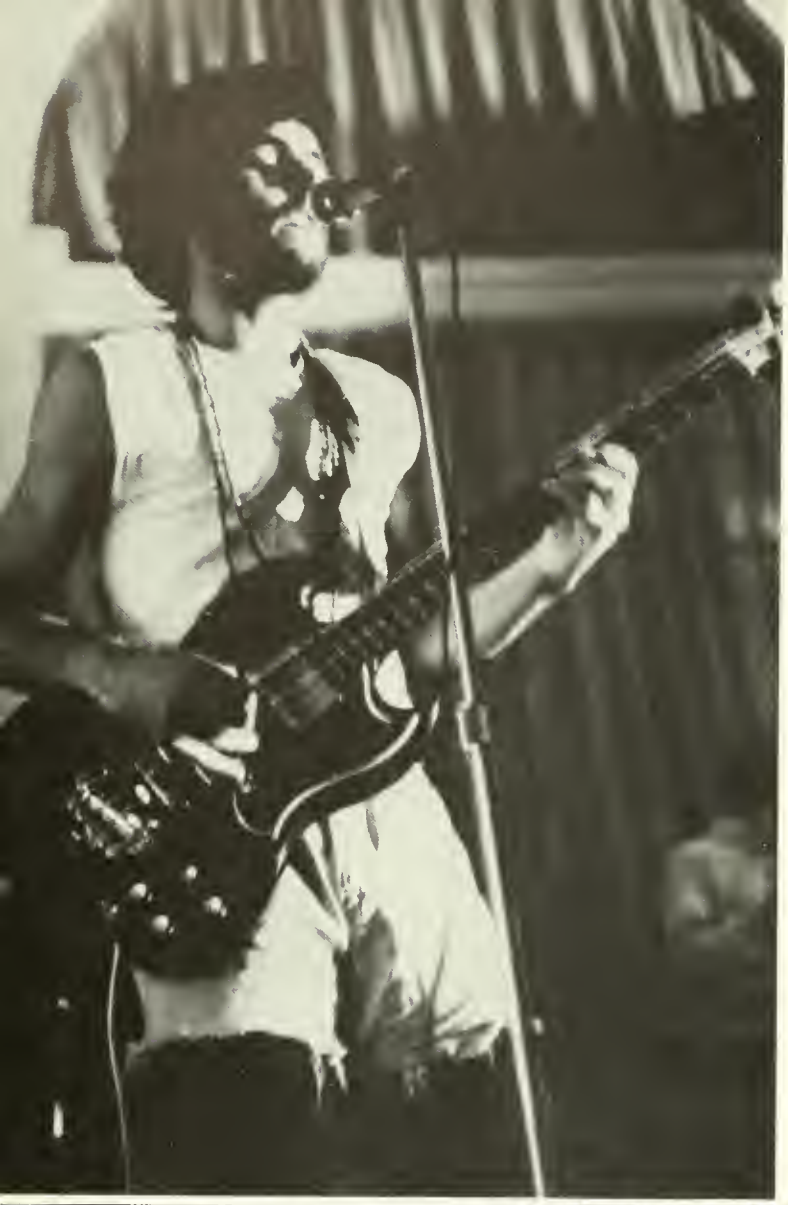
Now as I could make little sense of his speech I did ask straitway for an audience with the king of the isle, whereupon Master Ludwig did inform me with much exuberance that he himself was verily the king, or leastwise king over one part of the inhabitants, and yet this kingship was not like to any I ever did hear of. After some time in converse and with considerable pains, I was able to obtain some knowledge of the natural hierarchy of the isle and of the laws by which its people are governed, and were these latter not so contrary to those of mine own country I should be tempted to say a little in their justification, but I shall treat of them presently, and so much for now.



When I was become more accustomed to the speech of Master Ludwig I was able to make out that all the isle is divided principally onto three parts, being the Elders, which have power to collect revenue and to build hillocks, and the Scholemasters, whose chief charge is the educating of the students, which do comprise the third and greatest part of the populace. The students are divided yet again into four smaller parts called classes, according to the number of years they have dwelt in the isle. Now the students do govern themselves after a fashion by a certain Council, consisting of members duly elected from the body politick, and these members do sit on committee with the Scholemasters and do conduct trials of their fellows according to the Honour System, of which I will speak later.



During my stay was Master John Coleman chief of the Elders, and he was called strangely now Jack, now President Coleman, and anon Masked Man, and many other names too which decency prevents me write here, though such names were sometime writ in the publick prints of the isle for the sake of Honesty and most especially of Candour. And while I did reside in the isle these students did sit upon the Council: Masters Curris, and Faust the Elder, and Wilcox, and Helme, and Masters Geiss, and Cook, and Weckstein, and Master Cross, who was a great writer of outlines and programs, and Master Erb, and Faust the Younger, and Master Schotz. And at the head of the Council Master Ludwig did sit. Many of these students did write in the publick prints, whose chief author was Master Stern, and all did take a part in the railing of the sessions called Splenary.

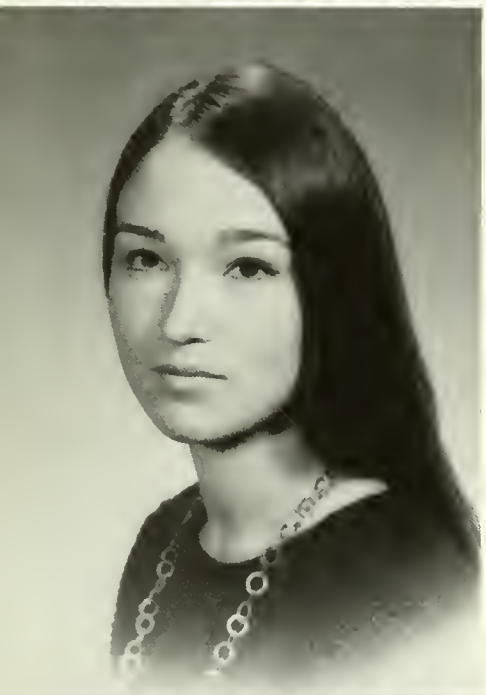


Chief among the Faculty, which name was oft applied to the Scholemasters, was Master Spiegler, though I never could determine if he be Faculty of Elder, seeming now the one, now the other, and upon him was bestowed the title of Provost, an office which in former time was held by the astrologer of the isle, a certain Master Green. And verily I never did discover upon what measure appointment to the office was made, lest it be for strange manner of speech, which trait was peculiar to both Masters Green and Spiegler, and if this be so I ween some day Master Ludwig will be Provost.

Notwithstanding his strangeness to me, I did find Master Ludwig a most agreeable companion. He did shew me all the isle that day and did secure for me living quarters among the Senyors, which were the eldest of all the students in the isle. Indeed it was an exceeding beauteous place, with many marvellous houses and buildings, and with much jocund company the like of which I never did see before and, I ween, I shall never see again. Therefore I thank God for preserving my life, and for bringing me into the isle of Haverford.

Now is there much concern on the island with the ends of education, as is right, proper and customary among us. And though I ween that much of this is noised abroad by a small group, yet have I always found a serious and sincere attention to all the problems and concerns of the isle, and despite a surface cynicism that is a mannerism common to many and almost laughable insofar as its appearance in a conversation is so predictable, most of the islanders share a keen intelligence and deep sense of morality.

The isle asserts that it can instruct its inhabitants in the Liberal Arts, which among us means, as a great poet hath nobly expressed it, "that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War." Thus the mind must be trained diligently to grasp and rightly to judge the knowledge and accidents that may befall one in life, and the truest underpinning of such an education is the training of youth to know and live by a moral and religious doctrine.



That the founders of the school were well aware of this fact is well attested by this sentence writ on the isle's emblem, *Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus*, that is to say, not more learned, but rather imbued with a better teaching. Here we may see a salutary distrust of all knowledge not grounded in righteous principles and a decent faith in the superiority of truth over falsehood. For that a teaching may be spoke of as better shews that the founders of the school would not agree that the divers belief and practices of mankind are all one, but would say with St. Athanasius, that "it is necessary to believe rightly in order to be saved."

Yet in truth is the central principle informing the isle not a goal of righteous moral indoctrination but on the contrary a continual and morbid concern with fact and empirical observation divorced from all moral religious judgment, and all this in the name of impartiality. Now leaving aside the obvious fallacy of this last, it is greatly to be regretted that the end effect of this way of thinking is to overturn the emblem of the isle so that it strives mightily that its students may be more learned but indeed tinted (or tainted) with no color of moral teaching, whether the better or the worse.

The Idea of education in this place as expressed by the Elders is that of youth discovering and evaluating the judgments, ideals, and concerns of so many generations and of so many wise men, and by themselves with no external end or help or leastwise as little as is possible. Now while this in great part is the end of our education, here is it the process and means.

So while by us a youth surrounded by wise years and standards of long durance comes to form his own, on the isle a youth surrounded by no helpmeet but his own passions and his need of companionship ends with a fear of that which he has so little knowledge of, authority and eternal truth. From this last proceeds in the end a disliking for everything that may stand in his way (honor) and even of the most necessary restraints of learning itself (pedantry). This last the students call "an intellectual anti-intellectualism" and since they are taught from a very young age that "anti-intellectualims" is a heinous sin, they are much bewildered.

Of hatreds of authority, most encouraged are those of civil officials and of parents, this last with the result that the state of empire to which the isle belongs must pass measures distributing monies for the care of the aged. And yet, when during my residence on the isle, a young man made a harangue insulting and attacking the Elders and scholemasters, they were much distressed, as if to say, nay, nay, thou hast attacked the wrong authority.

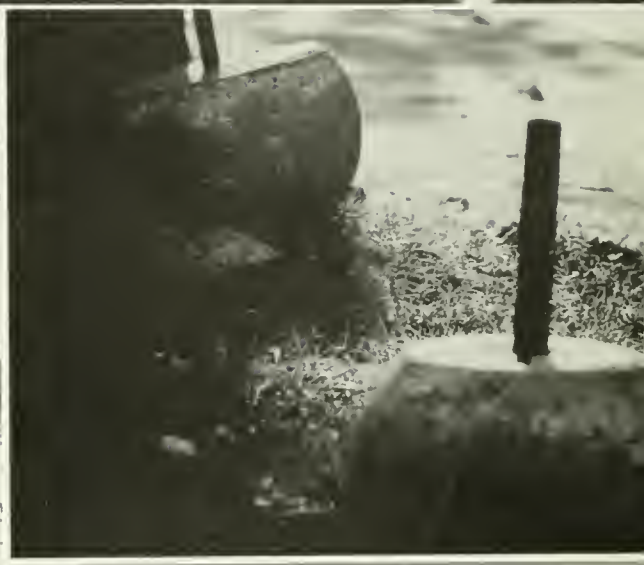
The second stage of this process is best exemplified by the scholemasters and professors of Natural Philosophy (yet are there notable and egregious exceptions among them who deserve much honor). For these men will offer none courses or lectures to the mass of the islanders and excuse this habit under the color of an "obligation" which they claim to owe to those who devote themselves especially to this study.

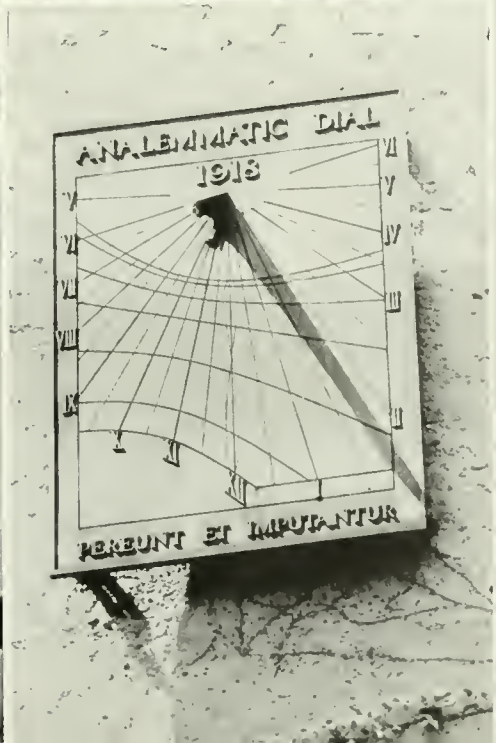
That is, they claim to be bound only by what they choose to do, a clear contradiction and a defiance of the definition of Liberal Arts presented above. And yet can I not find it in my heart to blame these folk, honest and hard-working and of good repute, who have been led to extoll and praise that course which they with little effort could easily see to be wrong, were not their honor involved therein.

But verily obection might be brought against me that my complaints are wrong from the base, for that every student on the isle must subscribe to an Honor Pledge (the Elders and Scholemasters may comport themselves as they will). According to this pledge, all swear to respect the rights and feelings of others, *in primis*, maidens, and to refrain from all wrongdoing on examinations. Here is a moral injunction, if there be no religious one. (There is a weekly prayer meeting after the heretical Quakerish fashion, but few attend and these mostly Freshmen who are drawn thither by its novelty and Senyors who remember the days when many attended.)

Yet the foundation of the system has never been made clear. Is this Honor System an educational device or an initiation rite or an inexpensive and expedient manner of law-keeping? Is it grounded in transcendent truth or divine decree or prescriptive custom, or mere convenience? And if the latter, whose convenience? The student's, the master's? Is it propaganda for the school or a financial aid? The Elders do not speak of this and the students have no means of learning of it.

So in the end only two reasons are there for a pledge that discourages the act of shame before marriage (prohibition is of course anathema). The supernumerary guests may place an excessive pressure on the isle's revenues (I do not invent here, so have the Elders spoken) or there may be danger of damage to the eternal soul of the partners in the act. Before these alternatives the Elders stand dumbfounded.




ANALEMMATIC DIAL
1913
PERFUNT ET IMPUTANTUR

For clean contrary to the thoughts of many of the islanders. Honor is only possible when the "individual" (a favorite word in the isle) makes himself subservient to an external goal or another person and obeys that end or works for the good of that person regardless of his own opinions and lusts. Therefore, there is no honourable "duty to oneself." For this is just another name for selfishness. Now selfishness and expediency may indeed be the best way to prosper in this world (and indeed no prophet or Father has ever denied this). But to call this expediency and encouraging of the selfish lusts of the young moral and honorable and that alone, is a most foul and abominable misuse and perversion of both language and thought.

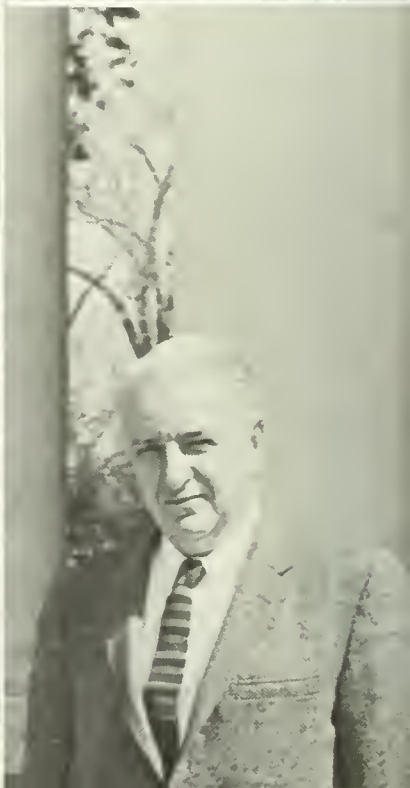
Thus the very first sentence concerning this Honor System that is writ in a special book for the student's use reads thusly: "The Honor System enables students to have certain privileges that they otherwise would not enjoy."

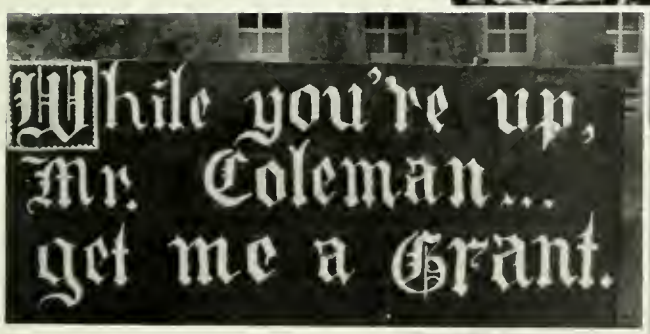
One can not be responsible only so far as he himself wishes, since this is no responsibility. Or as one might say, I may treat my books well or ill, but such an action has no place for the moral, merely the expedient. But when such a standard is applied to human relation, when the necessary and obligatory respect between man and woman, parent and child, and man and man are made subject to the vagrant will of any rascal who chooses to ignore it, the situation is neither morally elevating nor socially acceptable. It is expediency and hypocrisy.

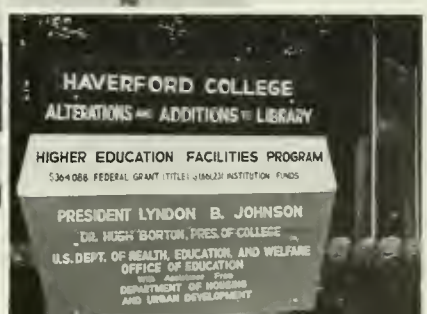
Now the basic implication of honor as known to us has been the obligation chosen or not of men to curb their own passions and lust in honor of God and their fellows. But the system of the isle encourages the development and nurturing of the passions and insofar as some of the islanders fail to live up to even the minimal necessities of a community of men living close to one another, there is no blame or disapprobation attached, since the fault lies not in the man but in his stars or surroundings. Epicurus himself would flee before such an abomination.

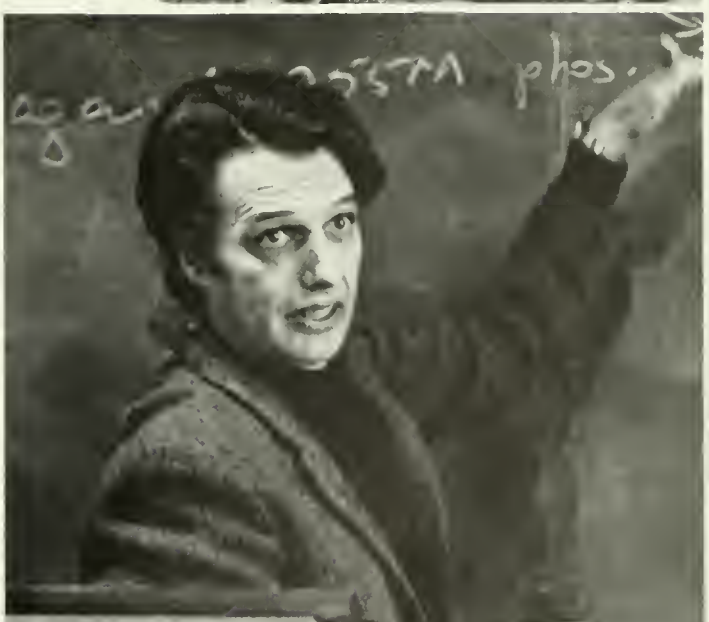
As I say this I blame none, for there are many whom I learned to love and some even to admire deeply and fervently. Never have I so clearly seen what it meant to love the sinner but hate the sin, before I came to the island. I pray for their souls.

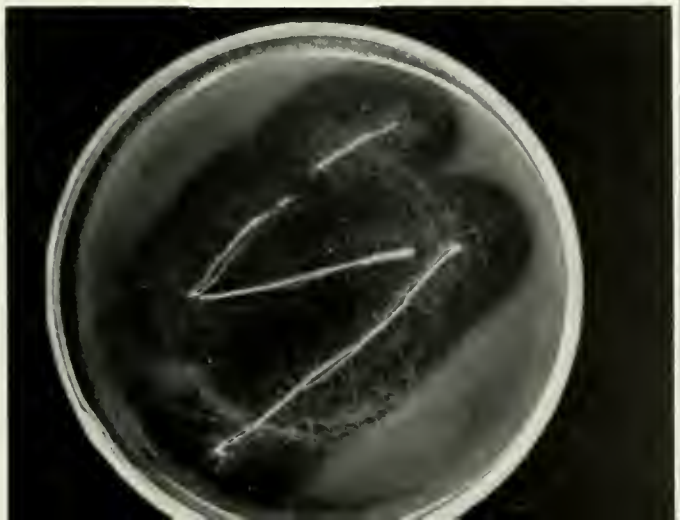
In the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ
anno domini 1968

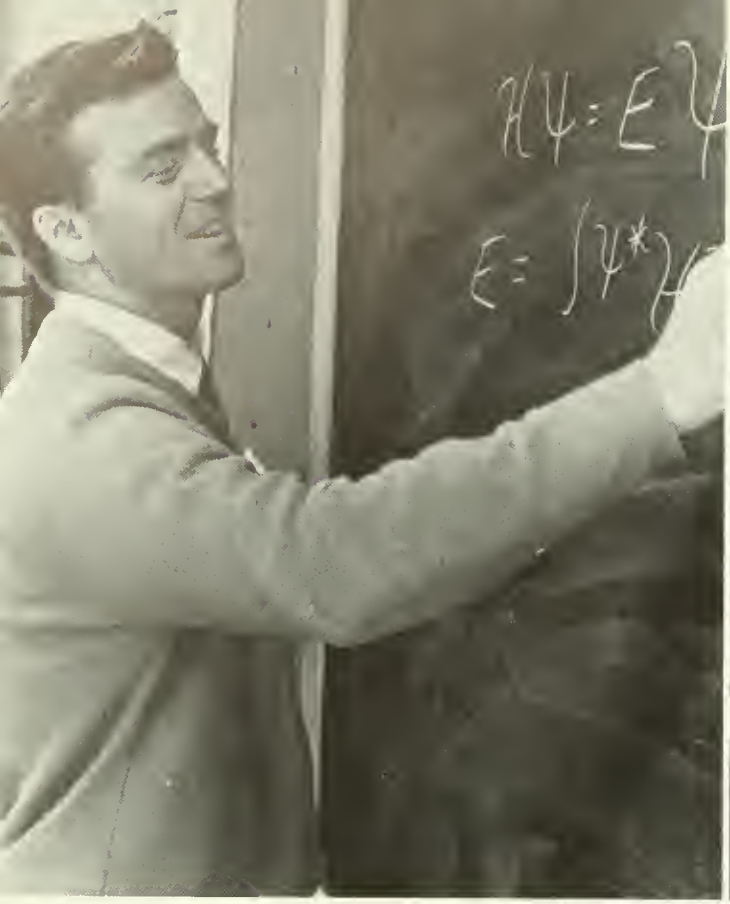


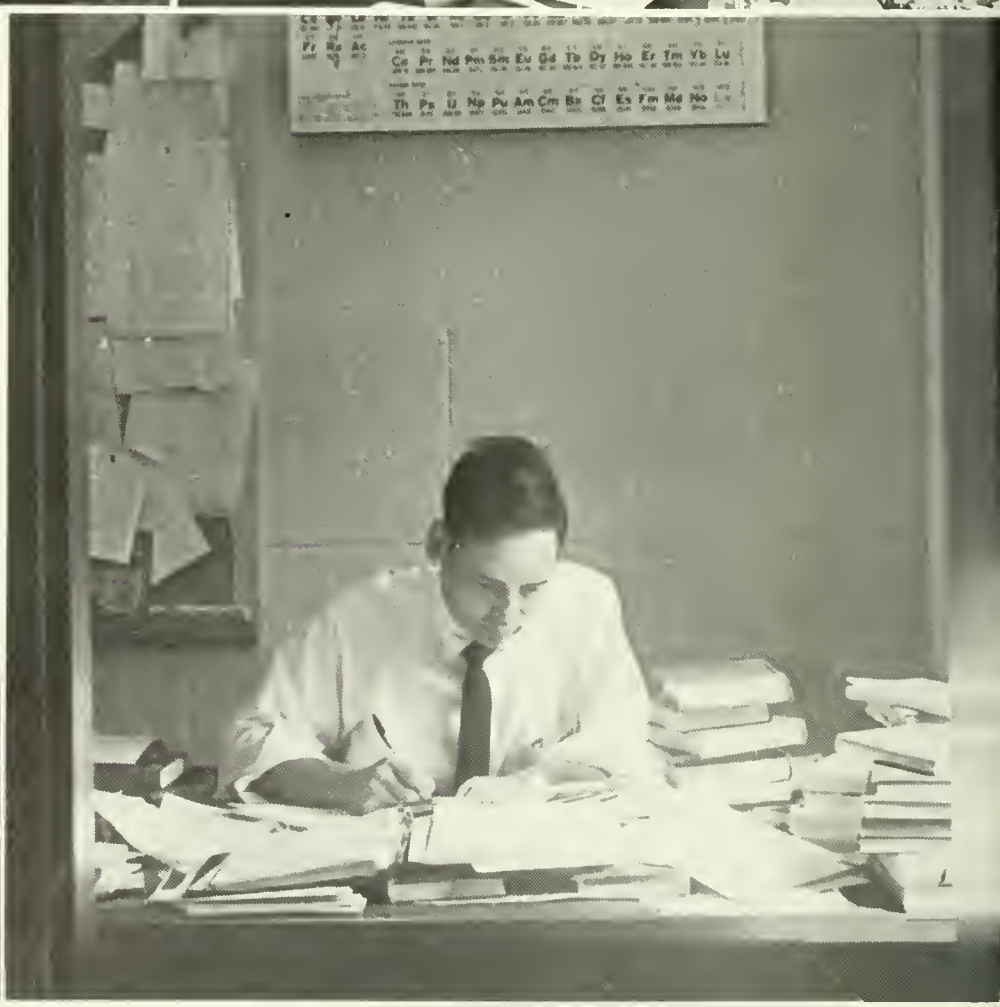

While you're up,
Mr. Coleman...
get me a Grant.

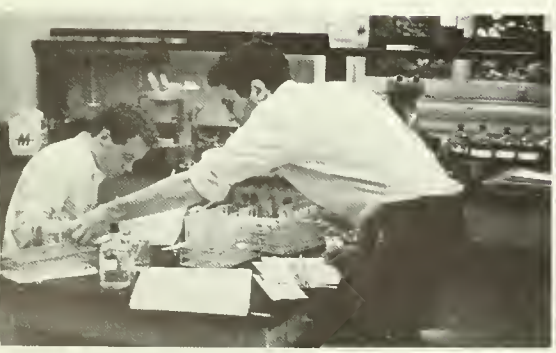

HAVERFORD COLLEGE
ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY
HIGHER EDUCATION FACILITIES PROGRAM
PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON
DR. HUGH BORTON, PRES. OF COLLEGE
U.S. DEPT. OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF HOUSING
AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT

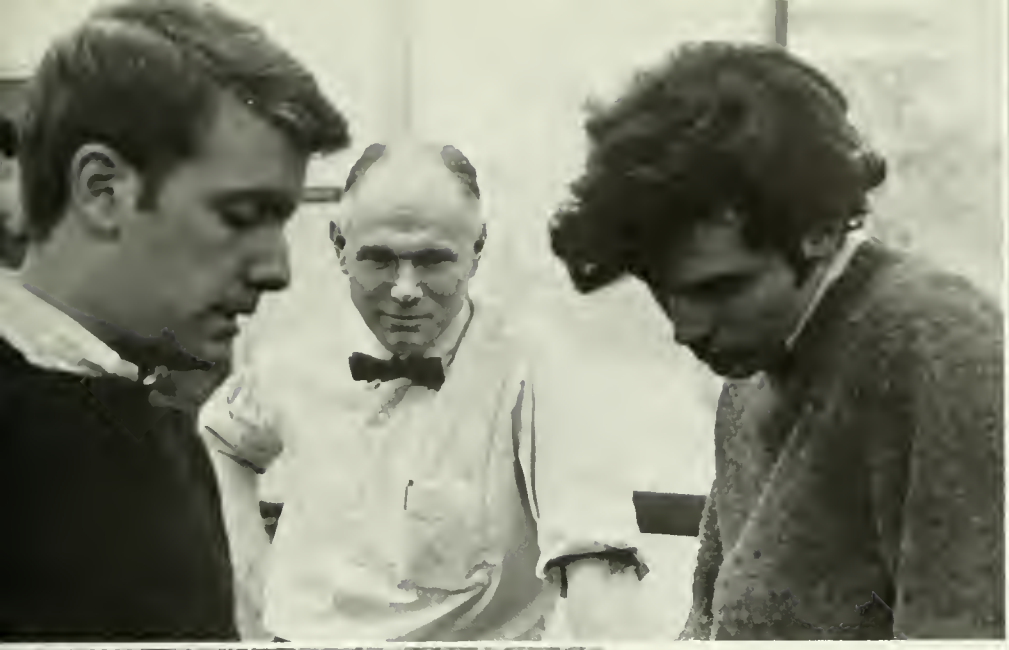


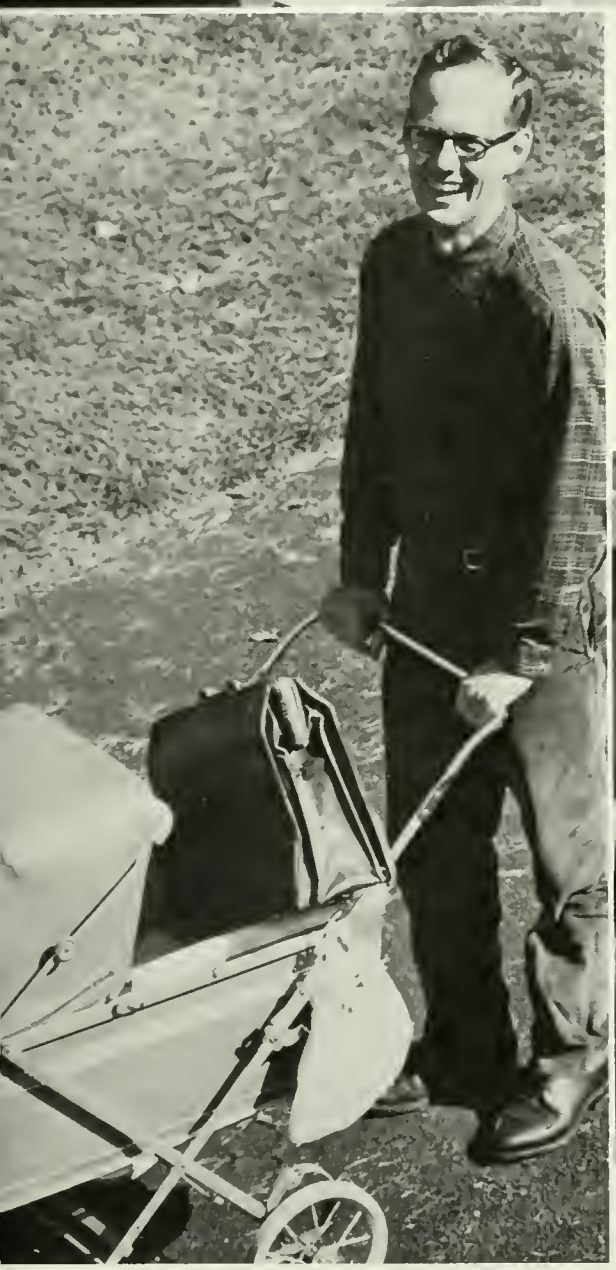


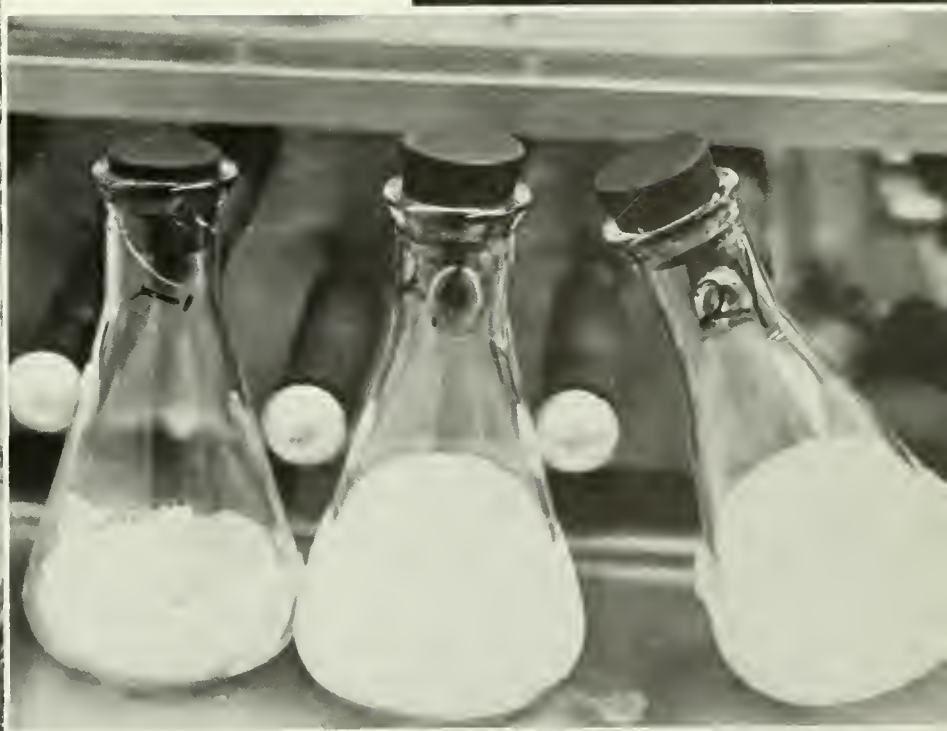




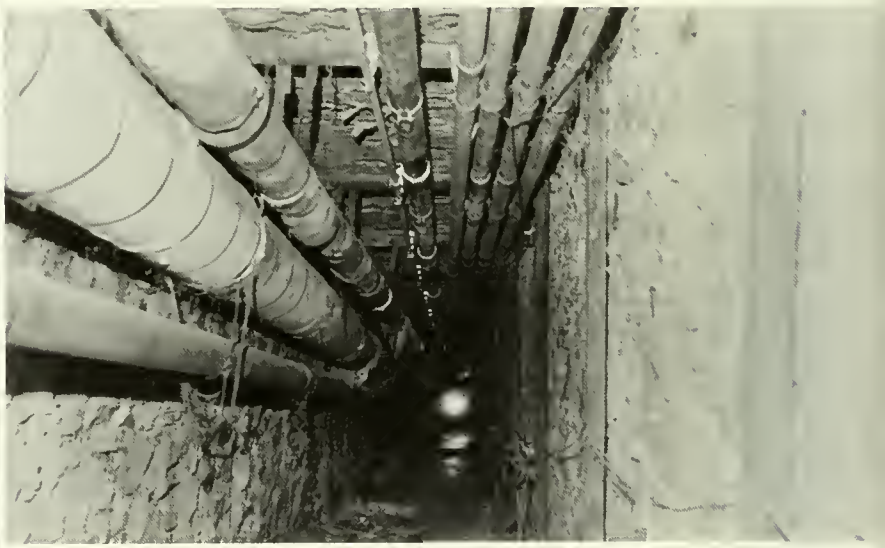




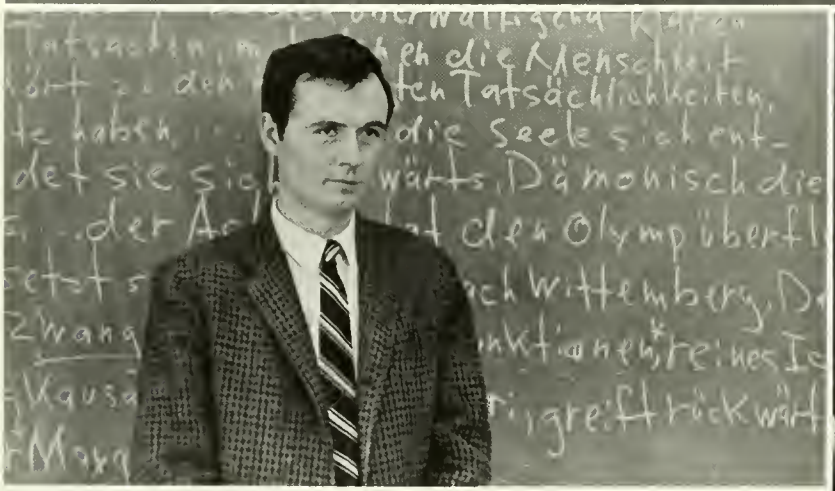


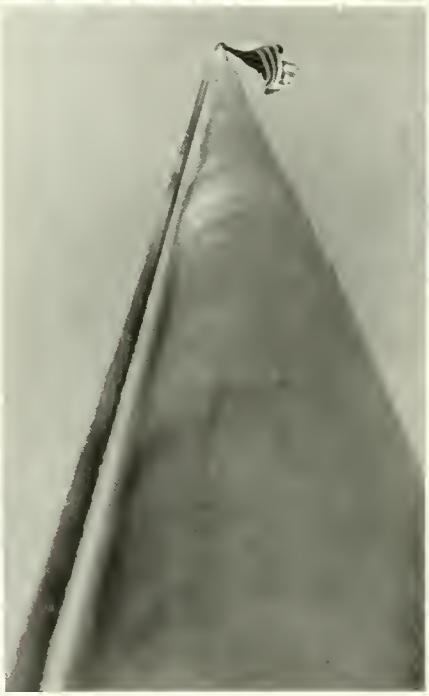


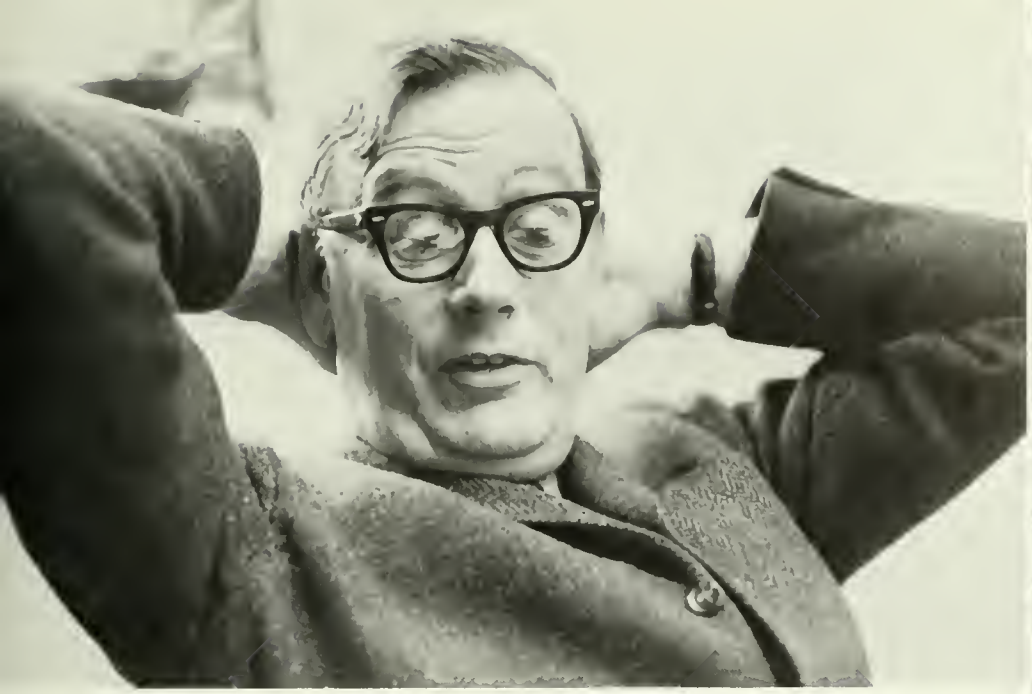
DANGE
HIGH VOLTA

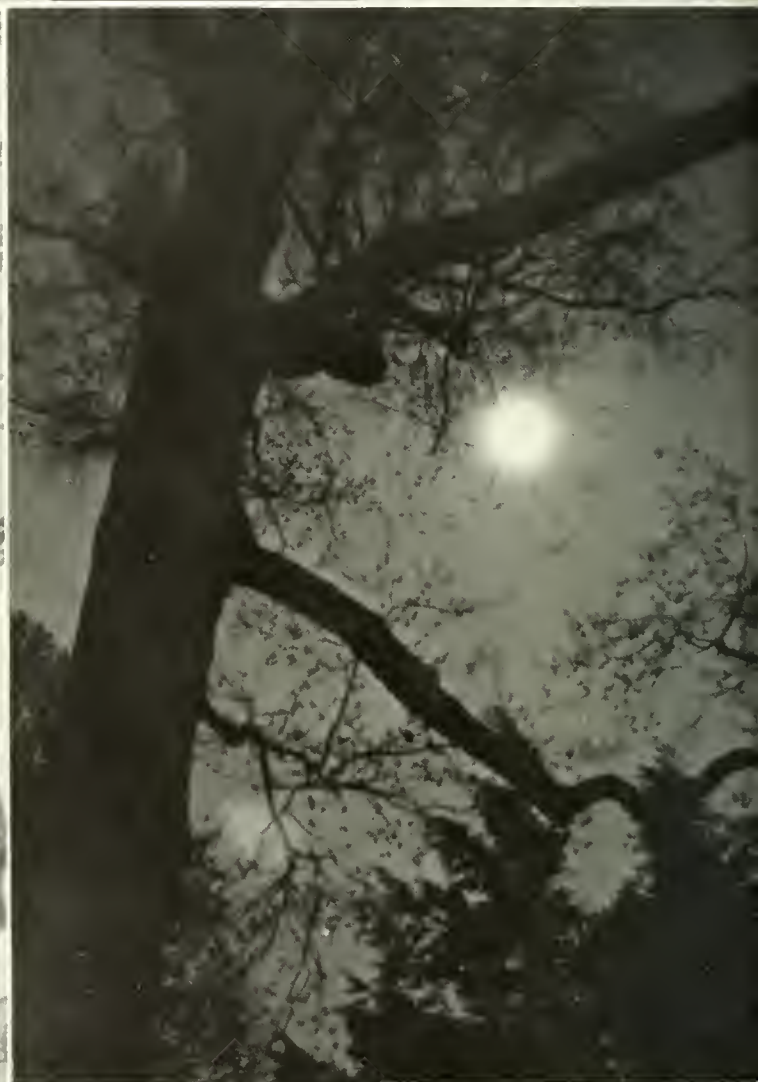


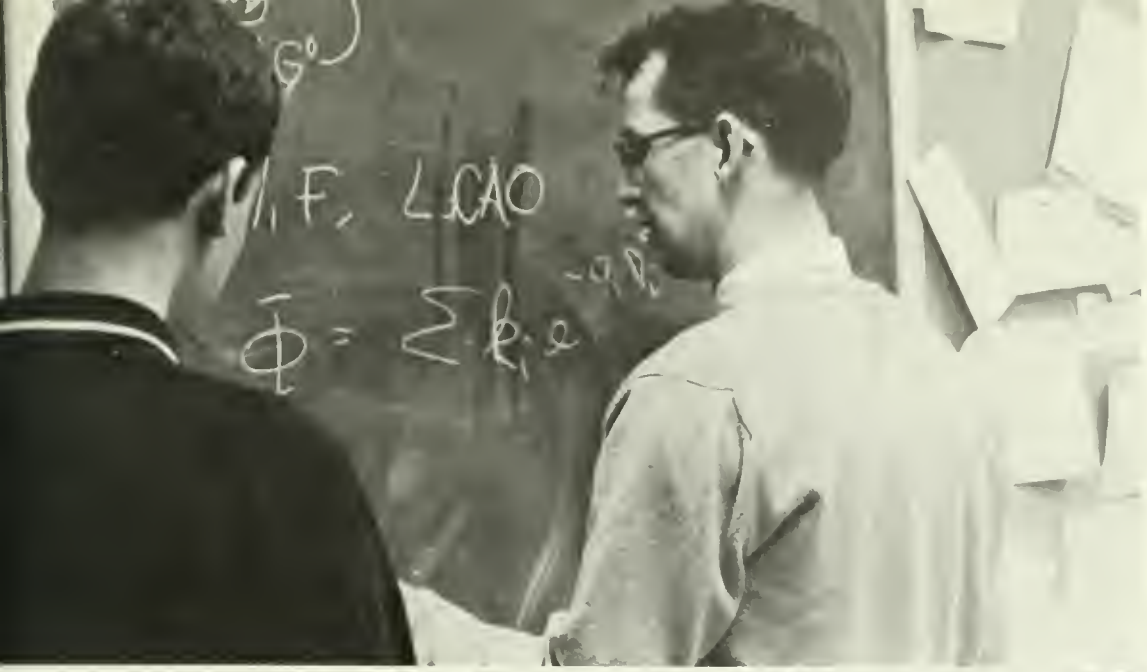
JOHNNY
ON-THE-SPOT


Tatsachen
die Menschheit
Tatsächlichkeiten,
die Seele sich ent-
wärts. Dämonisch die
den Olymp überfl
Wittemberg
Zwang
Kausa
greift rückwärt





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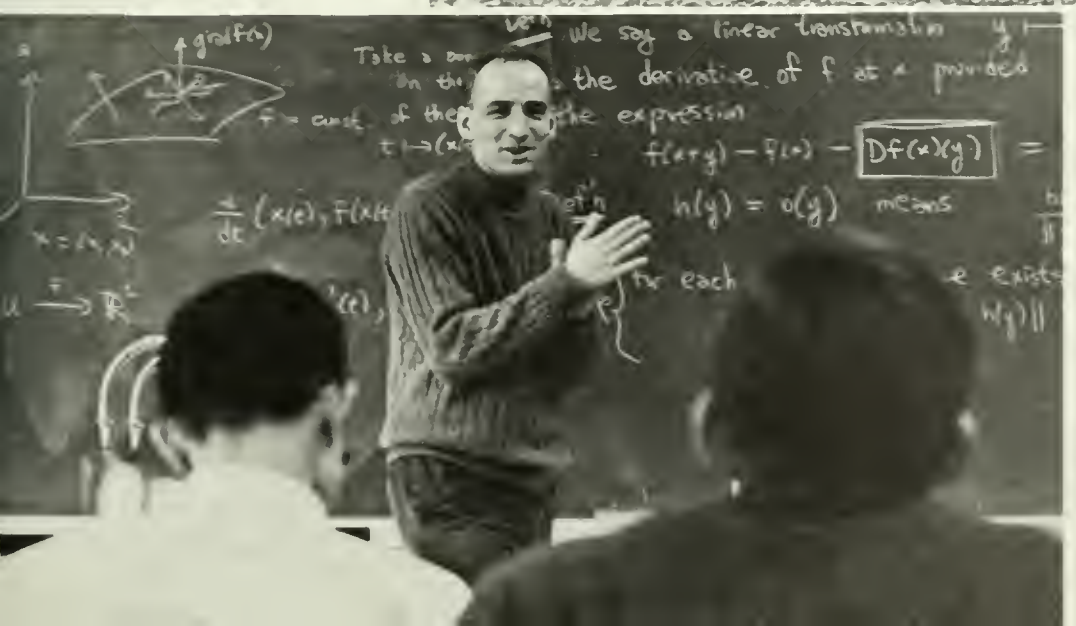
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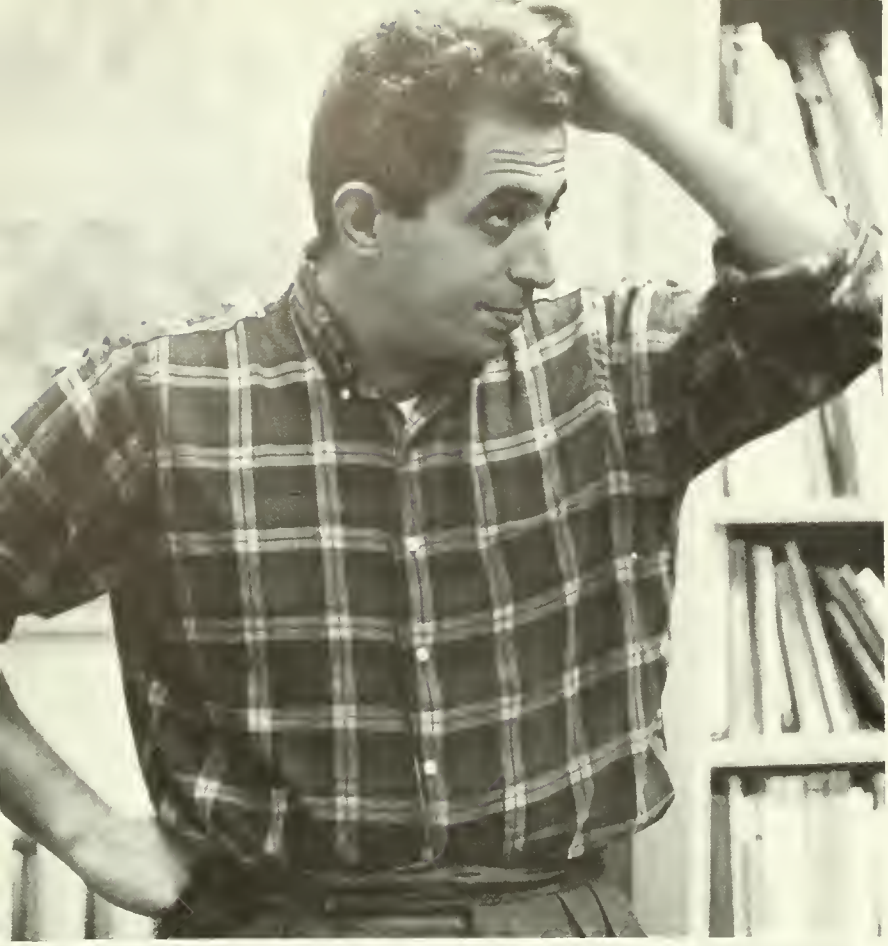
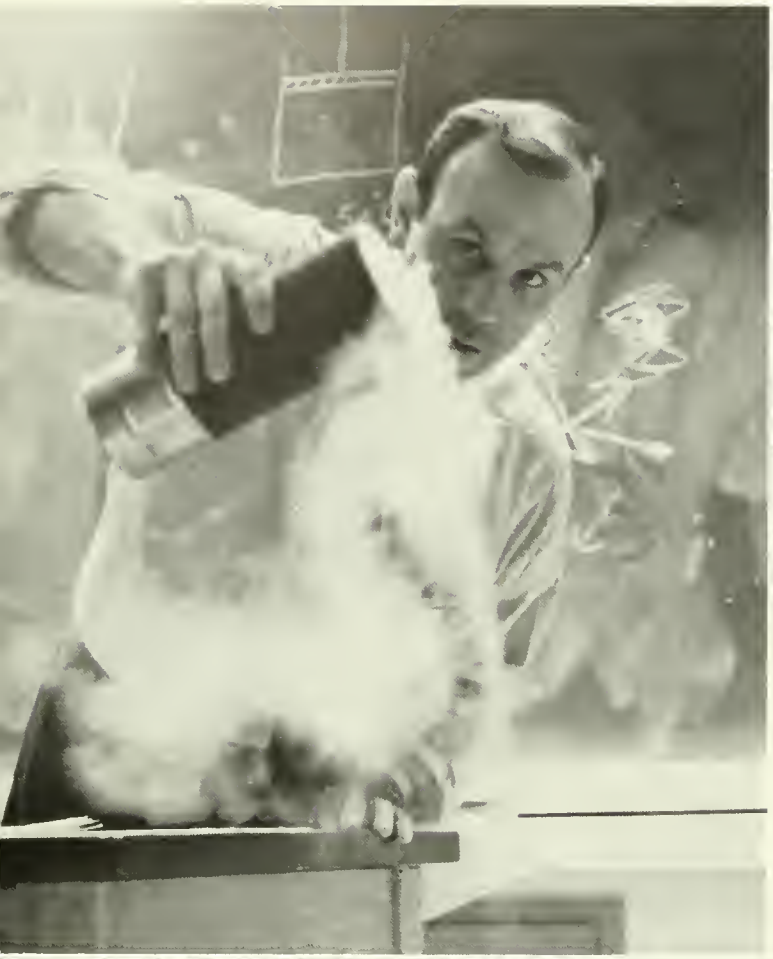
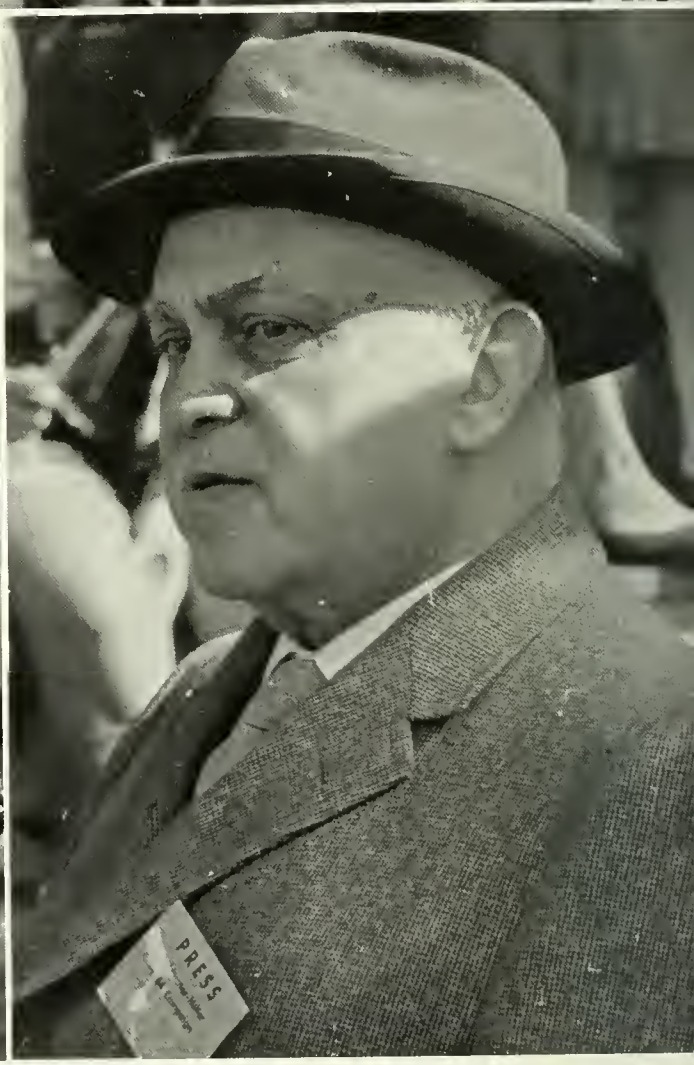
the derivative of f at
the expression
$f(x+y) - f(x) - Df(x)(y) =$
$h(y) = o(y)$ means
for each



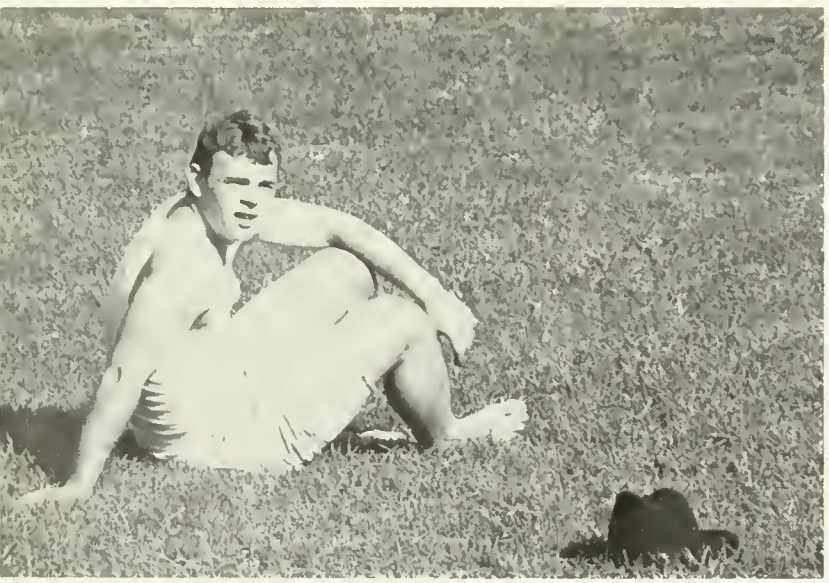


PEACE
4
FOR
BLACK AMERICA
AND VIETNAM
STOP THE WAR NOW!
HAVERFORD
BRYN MAWR
VILLANOVA

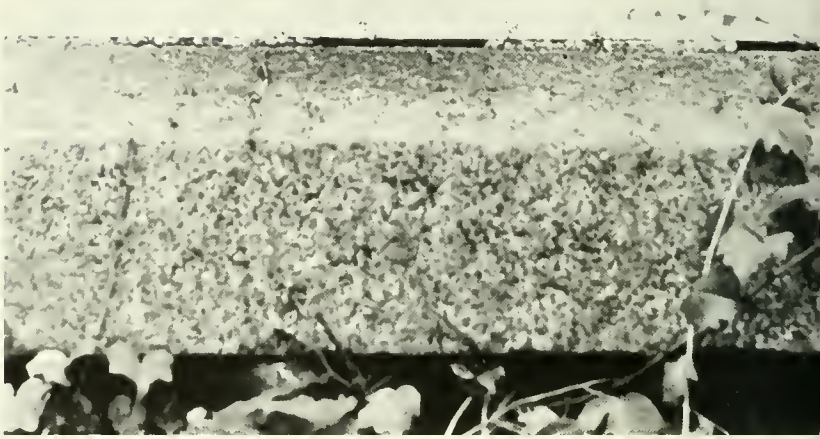

PRESS

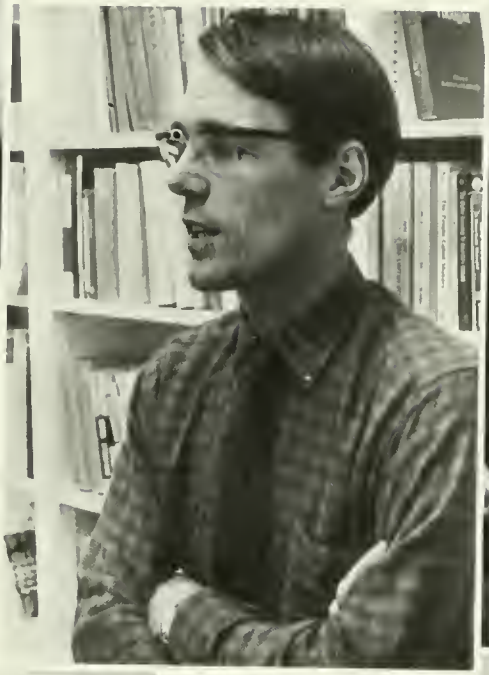
SUPPORT OUR GIS...

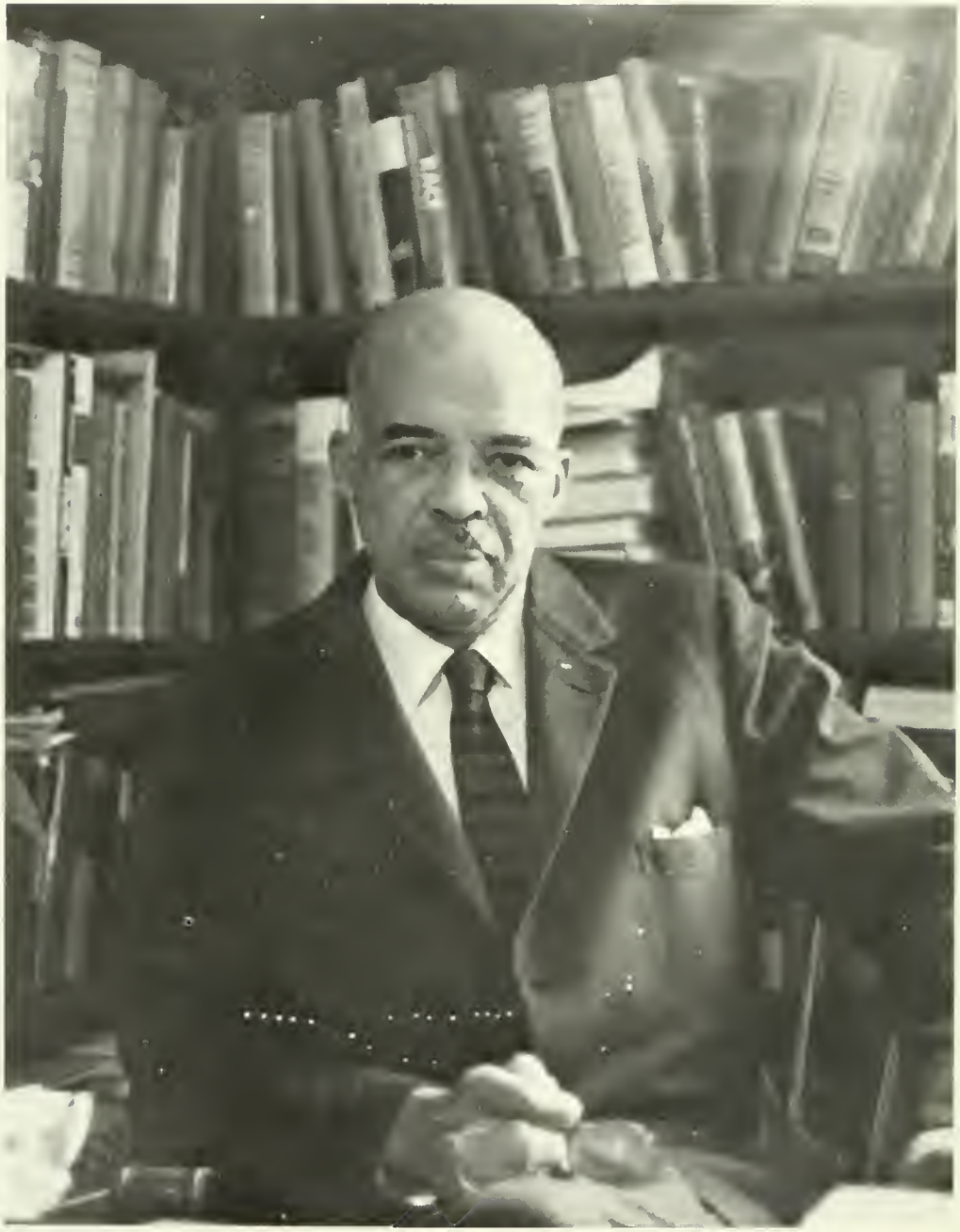
ROAD
DETOUR
CLOSED



BRYN
MAWR



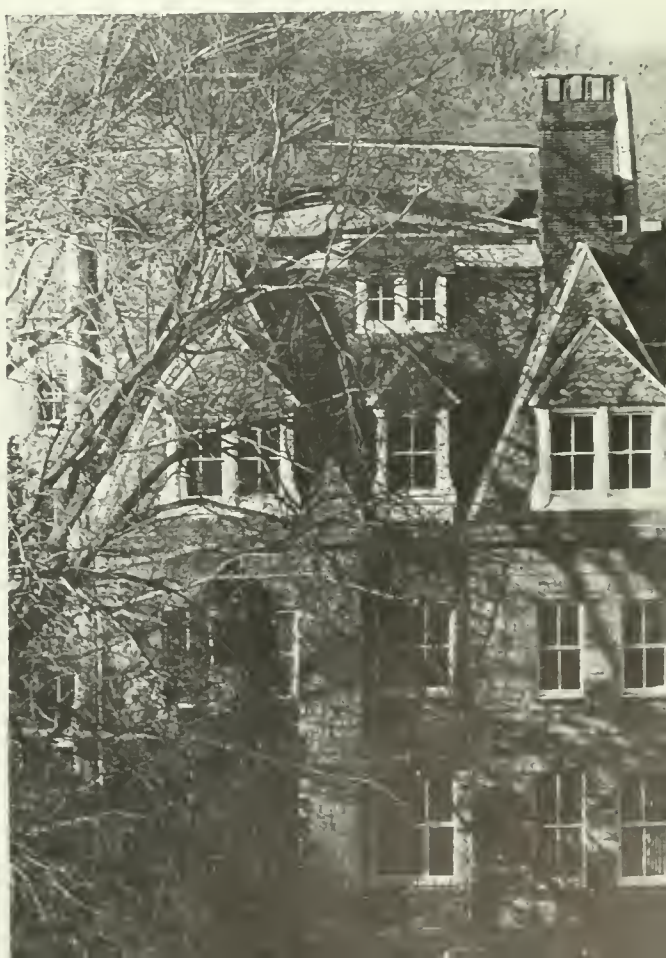




Part II

Of The Inhabitants Of Haverford. Their Common Life, Customs, And Diversions Described.

Concerning the habitations of the isle, there is no single principle of beauty or design that uniteth them; nay, neither is such a rule to be discerned among those new built, nor among the remnant itself. *Antient Barclay* is a three storied house with, and I may digress, ladders raised upon its sides to provide egress in case of fire. But surely this is a jest, for I was well assured that should more than twain or so climb upon the ladders, off the building they would fall.



Lloyd, which is in shape like to the letter L, giveth lodging to some few of those, mine especial interest, the Senyors. Among these are *Masters Haskell*, *Stuart*, and *Keen*, who are reputed great musicians and men of letters throughout the isle. Thether also dwell those men called jogs by name, as near as I can discover for that they do run in the afternoon round the fields of the isle at a pace called a jog.

Now as to that house whose very name is a matter of dissension, being called now *Gummere*, now *South*, and anon *New*, the lay of it I never could learn or discover and would only enter with a guide.

Leeds next it was not so perilous, being divided simply so as to make navigation possible.

BAMA

There are also four houses on the marches or extremities of the isle, the names of which be taken from men, such as *Williams*, or from lands, such as *French*, or from the body, such as *Scull*.

Two of these do guard the highway *Meeting House Path*, which is a strange name for that few do ever meet in the house at its end. So do old customs survive in name. There are moreover others who do dwell away from the isle itself. Some of these are wedded (for all the students of the isle are sworn to live in a monastic celibacy, which is enforced not by external command but by the good and chaste will of every member of the community.).

Now the outward appearance of the islanders is most peculiar and indeed I know not whether I should call them very men, for many seem in some epicene or sexless condition. No small part of the young men cut their hair and shave their faces, so that, although far beyond the age of beard, they seem a monk or else a stripling of unripe years. This unnatural custom is also observed by the elders and schoolmasters, and although every one preserveth a proper dignity and honour, yet I need not tell you that I felt most comfortable among those most like to my own countrymen.

So one might think that there was more of true manhood in the *Singles* of *Leeds* than in all of that hall called now *Gummere*, now *South*, and anon *New*. For in *Leeds* dwelt such cavalierly men as *Masters Williams* and *Gold* and *Ackerman*, and near them dwelt that *Dave* who was knowledgeable in occult arts and moving portraits.

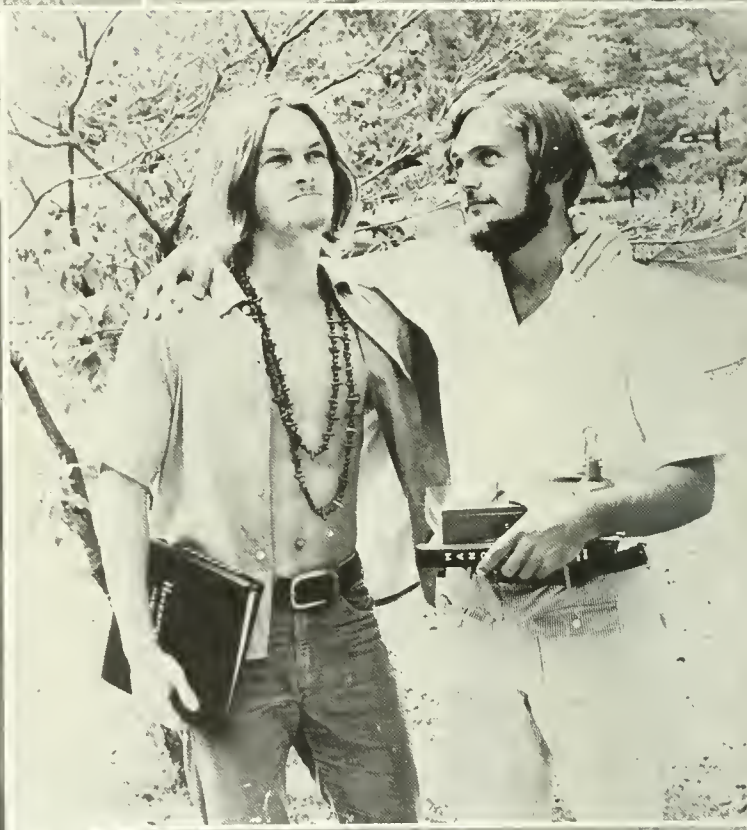
Strange to say, the warriors of the country, the jogs, do disdain to let their beards grow. And in my converse with *Master Root* and *Master Boggs* I did learn that the chieftains of the jogs did urge their disciples to be shorn and beardless out of some religious or superstitious awe, for they said that to be bearded was unclean. So do I imagine Jews do not eat pork, notwithstanding that God hath looked upon all His creation and called it good.

And again the chieftains (I call them so since they be neither elders nor schoolmasters, but yet are they men of authority) do declare that the normal fellows are rebellious, and do refuse to shave that they may boast of their willfulness. And if that indeed be a test of obedience then do I approve of it highly, although I must perforce confess that it is far different from the customs of my own land, and so mueh concerning beards.

In dress are all the islanders much negligent, and it were a thing impossible to tell all the many variations of wretched clothes. Fine dress is disdained as much as beards or money, and those who will dress themselves in finery are subject to abuse and railing. Indeed when one must leave the island, a thing infrequently done and avoided by nearly all, one then dresses in an especial coat and neckwear (which drab stuff is called finery here) and lo even then such an one is become a gazing stock and a subject for jests.

Yet are there some who *will* dress so as to cause distress to the others, and their philosopher is called *David Whiting* and their chief, or *anti-Diogenes* as I might say, is one *Norm Miller*. Now *Master Whiting* is a mighty penman who employeth his wit to praise the great isle of *Princeton*, where all is bliss and there are no storms nor any injustice

Many of the *Haverfordians* think that there is no such place, but others believe in it yet revile it as an enemy equal unto their mighty rival Swarthmore. *Master Miller* is a man of many costumes and hard would it be to tell them all; it is enough that he wins great scorn and yet too great praise for being a non-conformist. Now in *England* such an one is a man who will not worship in the *Church of England*, but in this land it is one who taketh pains in his dress. So do the manners and ways of the world differ.



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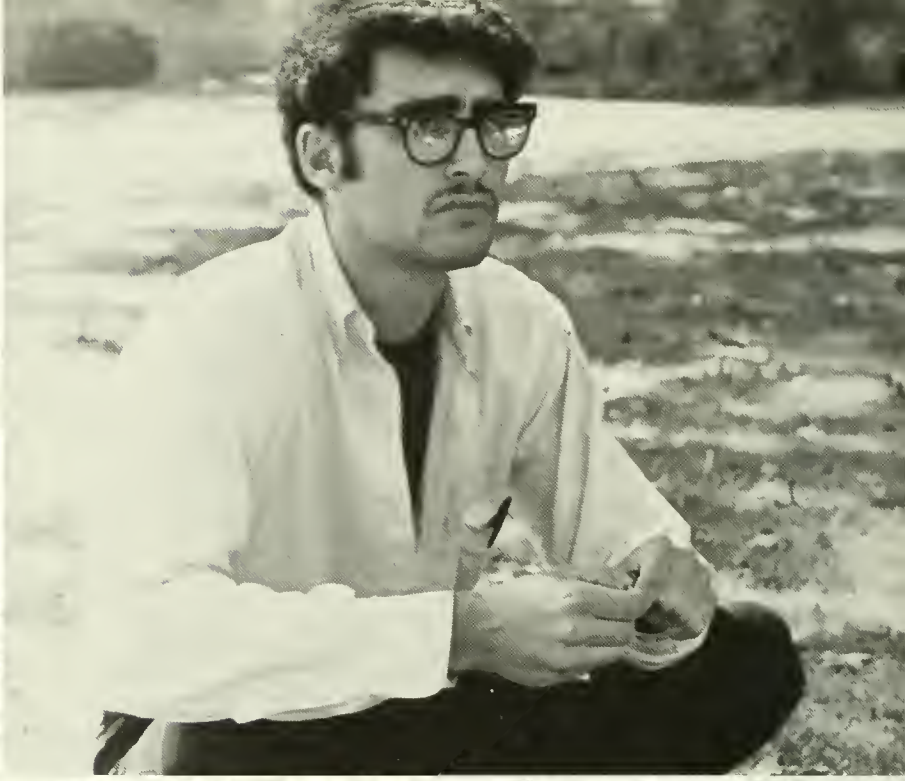

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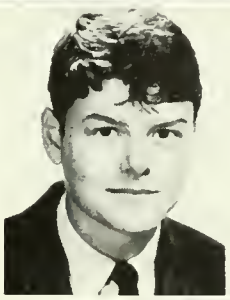
Now the students do dine together in Founders Hall and yet since that the population is growing apace they will soon dine elsewhere, but still together. For the elders attribute much power to dining together for the sake of unity and avoiding of seysmes. Now no elder or schoolmaster dineth there or few, in part because the place is so crowded and in part because it is thought good for the young to have no clamps or constraints upon their behavior, although the governor of the isle doth encourage this enterminglíng of schoolmasters and students. Natheless, to instill in the student the same decorum and seriousness that the presence of one older than he might foster, the refectory is hung with the images of grave and righteous livers, who were ertswhile elders of the isle.

The food served is of a marvellous quality with much white bread and potatoes and a great variety of meats and fruits. And yet do the students disdain the offerings of Slater, for so is called the lord of the place, and do much bemock Master Ed Grant who is minister plenipotentiary of the lord. In order to shame the students, oft the tables are cleared before their faces, and all the good food wasted is placed in a basket, and they must perforce look upon it and be ashamed. Then is the good stuff sent back to the kitchen and for all I know given to the poor or served to the schoolmasters. Yet some students do serve Slater and are loyal to him, such as Master Joel Kuntz and his minons, the mighty Rakove, and Masters Ritter and Davidson, and others too.

In days of yore were there great battles among students with victuals employed as weapons. And yet now, be it due to the civilising power of the portraits, or the unmanning shaving off of beards, or I know not what cause, victual battles are little in style and such victual warriors of old, as the mighty Rakove and Terry Keenan, wax discontent but impotent.

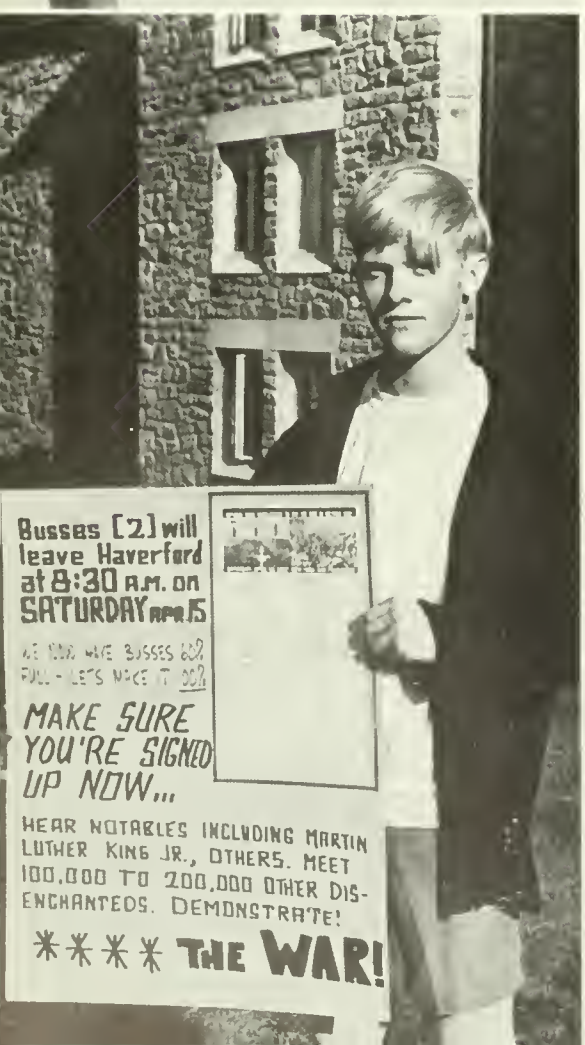
There is a tavern which is called the *Coop* and yet it is not a tavern for no beer nor any spirits are served there, or in the refectory, or elsewhere save for such secret dens as the tenth entry. But the especial power of that spot I cannot perceive and yet it is a place of much legend. For to those folk the normal human custom of beer swilling is a rare and esoteric art and the subject of much interest and talk. The *Coop* is served by those too swift for the refectory, where a slow and gentlemanly pace is thought proper. (For there do the students love to stand in great long lines and indulge in pleasant speech with their fellows, in joyous anticipation of the leisurely dining and delicious viands of which they are about to partake.)

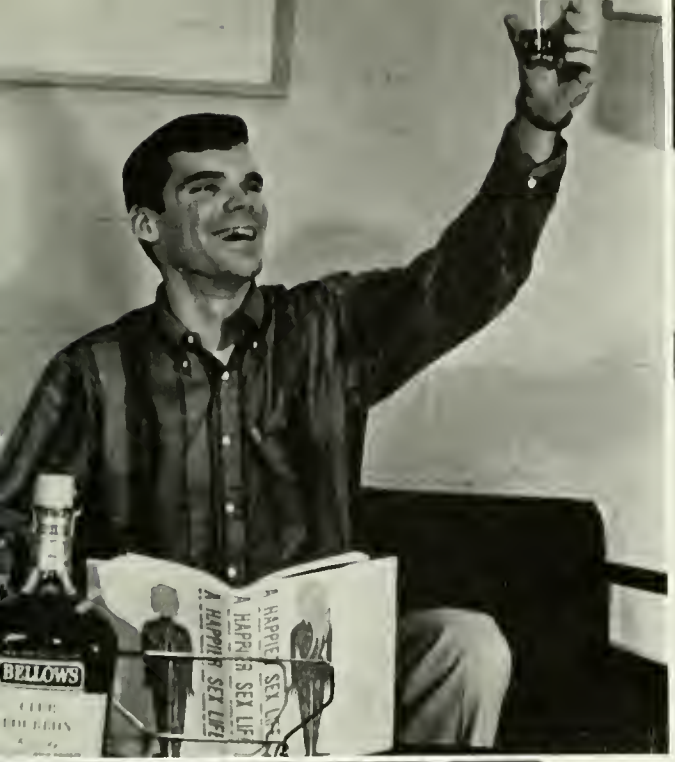


Also many who cannot understand the language will seek employ at the *Coop* and with diligence will learn it by trial and error. Although many complain of the *Coop,* there is a happy frequenter, one *Bruce*, who is famed far and wide, and I myself have seen him who every night at nine of the clock would go to the *Coop* and eat four large meat and bread compounds called hamburgers, and he is a marvel to many. Next to the *Coop* a great man named *Galen* seeks to construct a coffee house, so called though it be but the basement room, and he talketh much of it but to little purpose.

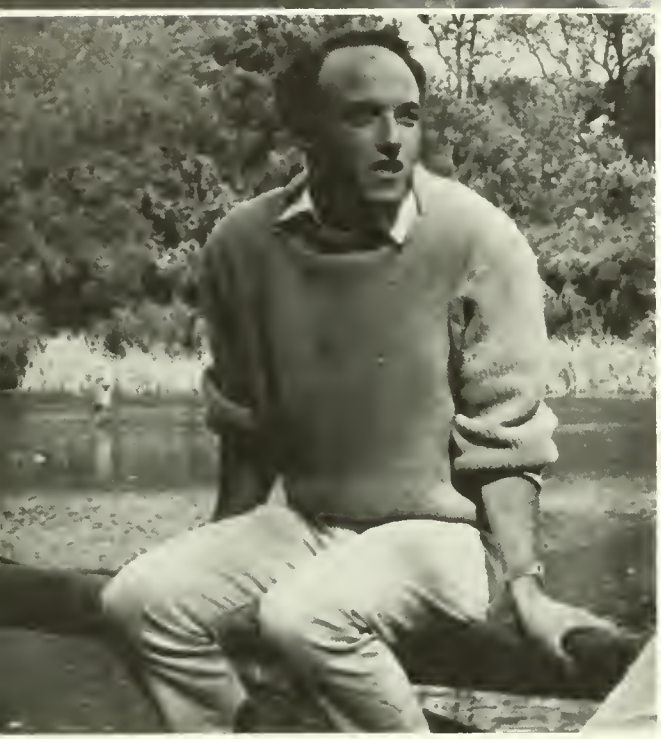
Many who will not go unto the *Coop* do travel from the isle to the *Blue Comet* and thether do eat. And this spot and the neighboring isle of *Bryn Mawr* are the sole travel that many will undertake, except that grave necessity be upon them. Here *Master Charlie* doth prepare food and it is served by a certain strange sybil who talketh much and distresseth many, and perhaps she is a prophetess. Oft doth *Master Gresov* serve the sybil and many do come to enjoy her discourse. Among these be counted *Master Rich Lyon* and *Master E. Dale Adkins* and his friends. And indeed *Master Adkins* and the mighty *Rakove* are the sole men of all this land who can rival the sybil in mystic and occult speech, and thus much concerning victuals.

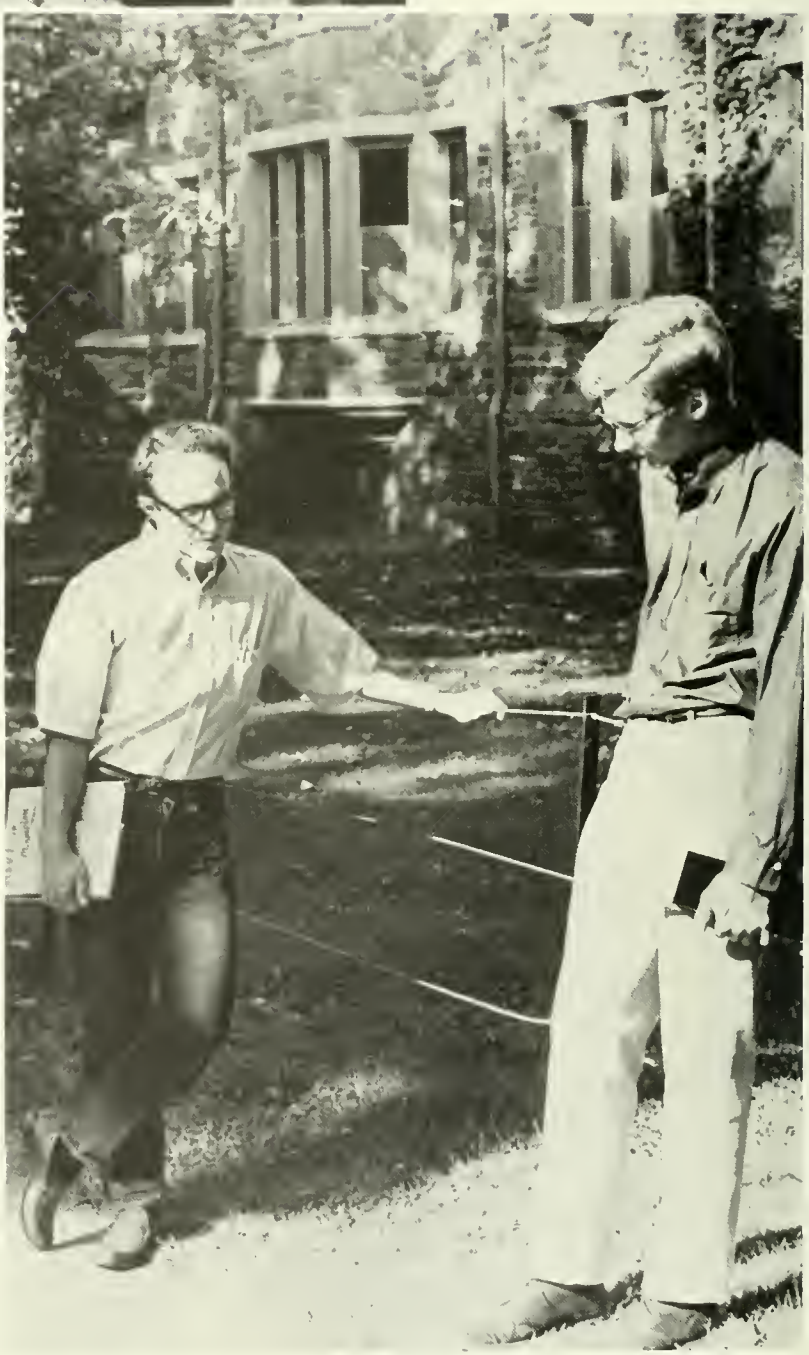
The diversions of the islanders are many, but chiefly do they love to listen to music and to complain of the condition of the land. For, having no suffrage in the land, they enjoy most to gather together with the youths of other islands in great hordes and so do they speak and receive notice in the public prints. Indeed, there is even a society presided over by *Masters Jackson* and *Nixon* whose sole purpose it is to allow its members to appear in the public prints and its name is SAC, and among its followers are *Masters Hemmendinger* and *Magers*.





Now the isle itself boasts a print or newspaper that is a fearsome sheet, much redoubted by all far and wide, and under such courageous leaders as *Masters Millstone* and *Jones*, it grew in size and range of interest, and made many wroth, and under *Master Arch Ruberg* the reporting of sports grew in size and made many sad.





Now of musicians there are divers varieties, and some I fain would not call musicians at all save that to judge another in art is called a "value judgment" here and much avoided. And one group hath for its goal the creation of harmony and its chief is a hoary and venerable man, *Doctor Reese* by name, and his disciples are *Masters Reagan* and *Welles*, and they and their fellows perform many public shows. Yet of late was there a revolution and *Master Walens* did lead off men from the *Orchestra* to make harmony among themselves. And so, since there be moreover singers beside the *Glee Club* called after one *Schütz* (although I could discover no *Schütz* head of them) there is much disharmony among the makers of harmony.

Other musicians play loud and strangely upon mechanical lyres, and their leaders are *Shaftel* the *Hairy* and *diGangi* the *Gloomy*, and the musicians of *Fifthe Entry*, *Masters Haskell*, *Stuart* and *Keen*. And these are opposed by one *Master DF Dal-Maso*, a mighty violinist. Indeed the very names of the musical bands are strange, being *Electric Eclectics* and *Federal Ducks*. Now their method is to play so loudly that even those who would fain avoid them are constrained to listen, while they who would hear can scarce do so for the deafening quality of the sound.

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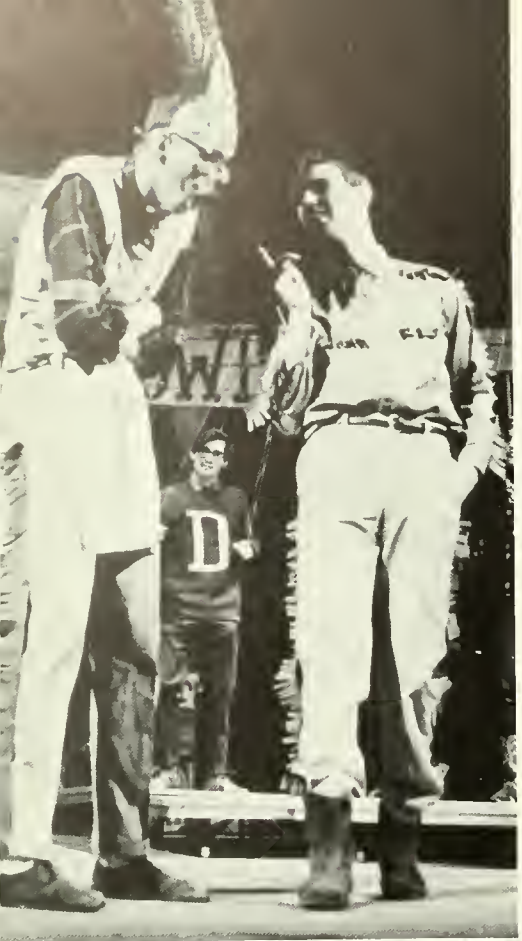

Now in this isle the drama flourisheth under *Master Butman* and his minions *Masters Kopff* and *Kritzer*, and *Shakespeare* and the *Classical theatre* are mueh affeeted, and other and more modern plays are performed by the *Little Theatre;* and many, such as *Masters Lanson* and *Servetnick* and *Mullooly* are well received.

Then too on *Class Night* the students do present satyrical sketches and these are full wittily writ, though to a stranger well nigh unintelligible, I ween. For this *Masters Davidson, DeCourcy, Kopff,* and *McCann* write for themselves good roles, and here doth *Jones* hop proudly, and *Lanson* hath won a cup for his ability as a player. And many praise *Class Night* since that every class must work together as one body and it is a great healer of seysmes.

During my stay did *Master Herb Fry* bear a great weight for that he was leader of the *Radio*, by which device sounds fly through the air, *mirabile dictu*, and yet none do receive this marvel, perchance because it worketh through witchcraft, and it is become vanity and empty air.

The most abundant pasttime, or so it seemeth, is pot, or potting, and the elders do provide an espeeial room for its practice and many have come to affect it. The chief potter is *Master Delthony* and he worketh in the basement of *Leeds*, and there alone, although I have heard many speak as if to say it be possible to affect it in one's own quarters. Also the art of imprinting instant images flourisheth, not by paint or pencil but mechanically and this is the art of *Master Faust* and also of *Masters Grunfeld* and *Kane*.

During my sojourn in that country, I dwelt principally among those who are called the *Senyors* by name. Now these *Senyors* comprise that class that I spake of that having most nearly completed their alloted term, do prepare to attain unto that glorious *Afterlife* which is the true end and fruition of all their strivings. Some moreover do not go unto the afterworld, but of them little is spoken and so I know but little, save only of some purgatorial states, one of which is called *Peace Corpse.*

The *Senyors* are divided into many classes, and of the musicians and of the jogs I have spake elsewhere. Also I have told of the politiques, of whom one part desireth to save the world, *vid. SAC, Bill McNeill, Doug Bennett,* and one part desireth to save the isle only, *vid. Student's Council, Bill McNeill, Doug Bennett,* and one part taketh delight in no thing but railing at the other parts and most of these are employed by the public prints. The principal concern of all is the apathy of the rest of the isle.

Now the loudest and most vociferous faction is called the *Joy Boys, Masters Engel, Melson, Rogge, Crandell,* and *Kaplan.* They play at draughts till late in the night with loud cries of anguish and joy like unto *Bacchae,* and they love to watch jogs and to speak of them, and they have other pleasures too.

Some Senyors have married and they must live apart from the isle, such as *Master Bill Sellers*, whose father is famed as a connoisseur of beauty, and *Masters Little* and *Reagan*, and *Master Beaver* whose cognomen is *Buzz*. Yet again some live away from the isle *vid. Masters Weiss* and *Weston*, and it is thought that it is done for love of contemplation.

Of *Baconians* the isle is full and there is much grumbling against them for that they boot. But their leaders are strong, and many of the feared *Joy Boys* are of this party as are also *Masters Jolly* and *Tom Powers* and *Herb* who is called *Astro-Jog*.

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Masters Bobby Primack and *Terry Keenan* are remnants of days of yore when young men rode the earth with roaring mechanical horses, and older than they is *Master George Wolfenden*, once a mighty elder of the outer world and now a famed player in *Class Night*, who returned from the outer world to live as a student. Now some of the schoolmasters have been raided up unto the occupation of elder and some of the students too, such as *Master Art Wood*, whose spirit proved too weak and he went on to the *Afterlife*, but rare is he who returneth after so long, save he be a very troll.

And there are those who speak in strange tones and scarce could I understand the speech of *Masters Simon Adams* and *Tom Currie*. And there is *Master Fred Rheimherr* of whom quod the mighty *Rakove*, "*Fred* is the school's leading authority on trout fishing and nothing else."

And there are many others too numerous to be writ.

EXTRA EXTRA

THE HAVERFORD NEWS

Volume 58 – Sports Extra | Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. | Monday, November 20, 1967

Porrecca Stars as Fords Wallop Garnet

Swanmen's Pass Thievery Ices Season's Biggest Heist

By Jack Rokove

Scoring four touchdowns in the first half, the Haverford football team socked it to Swarthmore on Saturday with a 28-14 victory, and taught the visitors a little "R-e-s-p-e-c-t" for the Ford team and their new head coach, Dana Swan.

It was Haverford's first win over the Garnet since 1963, and coming after last week's defeat of Ursinus the victory provided a more than successful conclusion to what had originally seemed a dismal season.

The Fords received a simply outstanding performance from senior fullback Sam Porrecca, who racked up 194 yards rushing in 29 carries, scored the first two touchdowns on long breakaways of 62 and 59 yards, and set up the third Ford score with the first of his three interceptions.

Once again, though, Haverford won the game because the team played the kind of heads-up team football that earns victories. And much of the credit for this has to go to head coach Dana Swan and the rest of his staff: Jack Wilson, Ernie Prudente, and Lee Swan.

The game began with sheets of rain pouring down upon Walton Field as Haverford received the opening kickoff. John Gleeson returned the kick to the Ford 32.

It took only three plays for the Fords to gain the lead they were never going to relinquish. Two short runs by Porrecca and Pete Batzell netted six yards.

Porrecca Strikes

Then, on third down, Porrecca took a handoff from quarterback Jan Sachs, went through a hole opened by co-captain guards Jim Ritter and Larry Root, cut for the right sideline and outraced everyone 62 yards to the Swarthmore end zone. Sachs' extra point attempt was no good, but Haverford was already leading 6-0 and the game was less than three minutes old.

Swarthmore took the ensuing kickoff at their 35, but three plays netted two yards and the Garnet punted to the Ford 35. Haverford lost seven yards on two plays, and on third down Ken Hicks quick-kicked to the Garnet 30 only to see Swarthmore's Taylor Cope return the ball to the Haverford 48.

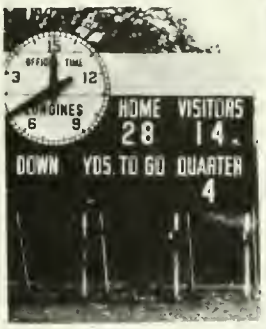
Improving on their last series of downs, the Garnet gained five yards on three rushes before getting off a good punt to the Ford 8.

Undaunted, the Fords drove the ball to midfield as Pete Batzell carried four times for 29 yards and three first downs, but a holding penalty forced them to punt again.

This time the Garnet picked up a yard before punting to the Ford 34.

—Photo by Dennis Stern

Jack Wilson, assistant coach, shouts over his walkie-talkie to Lee Swan, other assistant coach on the movie tower.



Twenty seconds and it will become history: the Fords have regained the winning hand in the third oldest football rivalry in the nation.

On first down, the Garnet's Craig Martin intercepted a Sachs-Hicks pass at the 47, but once again the visitors could net only a few yards, and the sixth punt of the first quarter gave the Fords the ball back at their own 28.

Fords Score Again

Seven plays later Haverford had its second touchdown. On first down Pete Batzell picked up two yards, turning his ankle in the process. Batzell went out of the game but returned later.

Three runs by Porrecca netted 16 yards as the second quarter began and the rains stopped. Illegal procedure cost Haverford 5 yards, and the referee ruled a first down pass to Steve Batzell was trapped.

In any event, Porrecca made the whole question of first downs academic by rambling 59 yards on the next play for his and Haverford's second touchdown. On a draw play, Porrecca took the handoff from Sachs, found the middle wide open, then cut to the right and once again outran everyone to the end zone. The Fords went for a two point conversion and made it as Sachs found Ken Hicks open in the end zone.

Three plays later the scoreboard at Walton Field read Haverford 20, Swarthmore 0. On first down at the Garnet 37, Porrecca intercepted a Jon Summerton pass and ran it down the Haverford sideline to the seven yard line.

On the next play Pete Batzell took a little swing pass from Sachs over the right side of the Ford line and went into pay dirt standing up. A Sachs pass to Bill Bickley fell incomplete on the extra point try.

Garnet Bomb

The flurry of scoring continued as the Garnet soon notched their first touchdown. With third down and seven on his own 40, Jon Summerton dropped back to pass. Pumping his arm once, the Garnet quarterback found end Taylor Cope free as defender Steve Batzell tripped and fell, and connected with him on a pass play that went for 60 yards and a score. Rich Mc-

(Continued on page 2)

—Photo by Peter Newburger

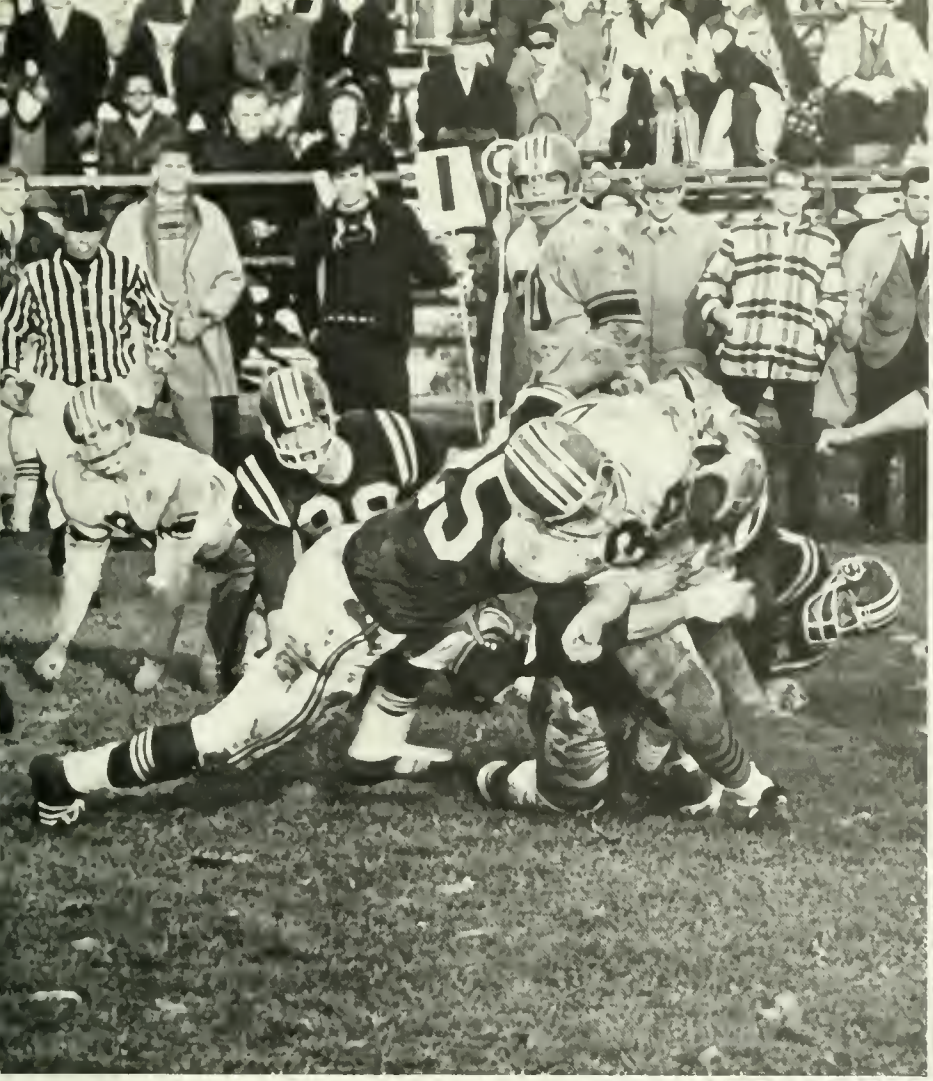
Sam Porrecco gobbles up yardage after one of his three interceptions during the game Saturday. Ken Hicks, who also had an interception to his credit, prepares to block out any Garnet tacklers.

—Photo by Steve Faust

Soph quarterback Jon Sachs flings a short yardage pass to Pete Batzell as Swarthmore defenders converge in hungry pursuit.

—Photo by Steve Faust

Steve Batzell goes high to snare a Sachs pass. Haverford won this season's second straight game, 28-14.



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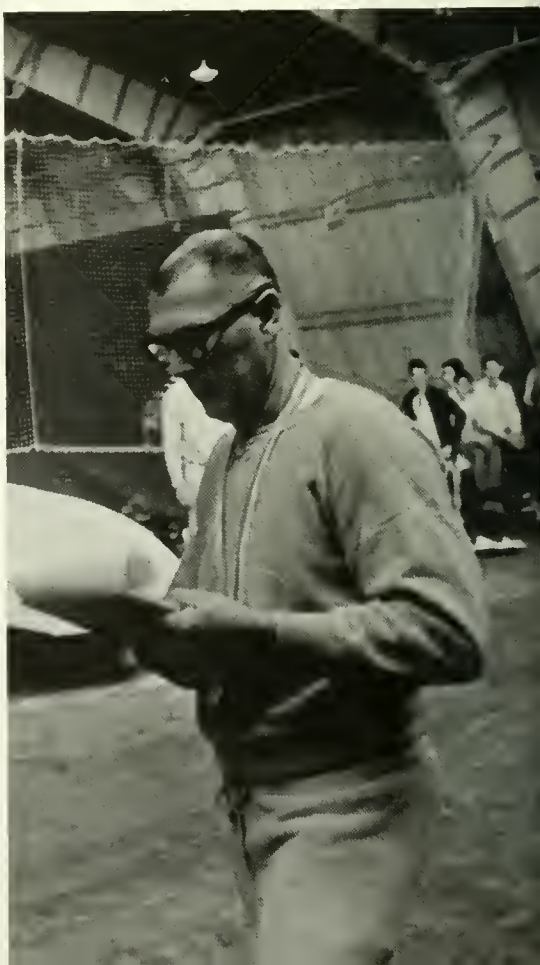

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PLEASE!

We (Rick Richards, Carl Grunfeld, Terry Jones, Chris Kopf) get high (with a little help from our friends) (Hank Berliss, Rich Lewis, Don Hart) get hyphenated

with a little help from our friends

Steve Faust, Richie Paul

&

Donald Frankel, Art Louie
Ross Hemmendinger, Dennis Stern
David Delthony, Vahan Benghan
David Whiting
& The Haverford News

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